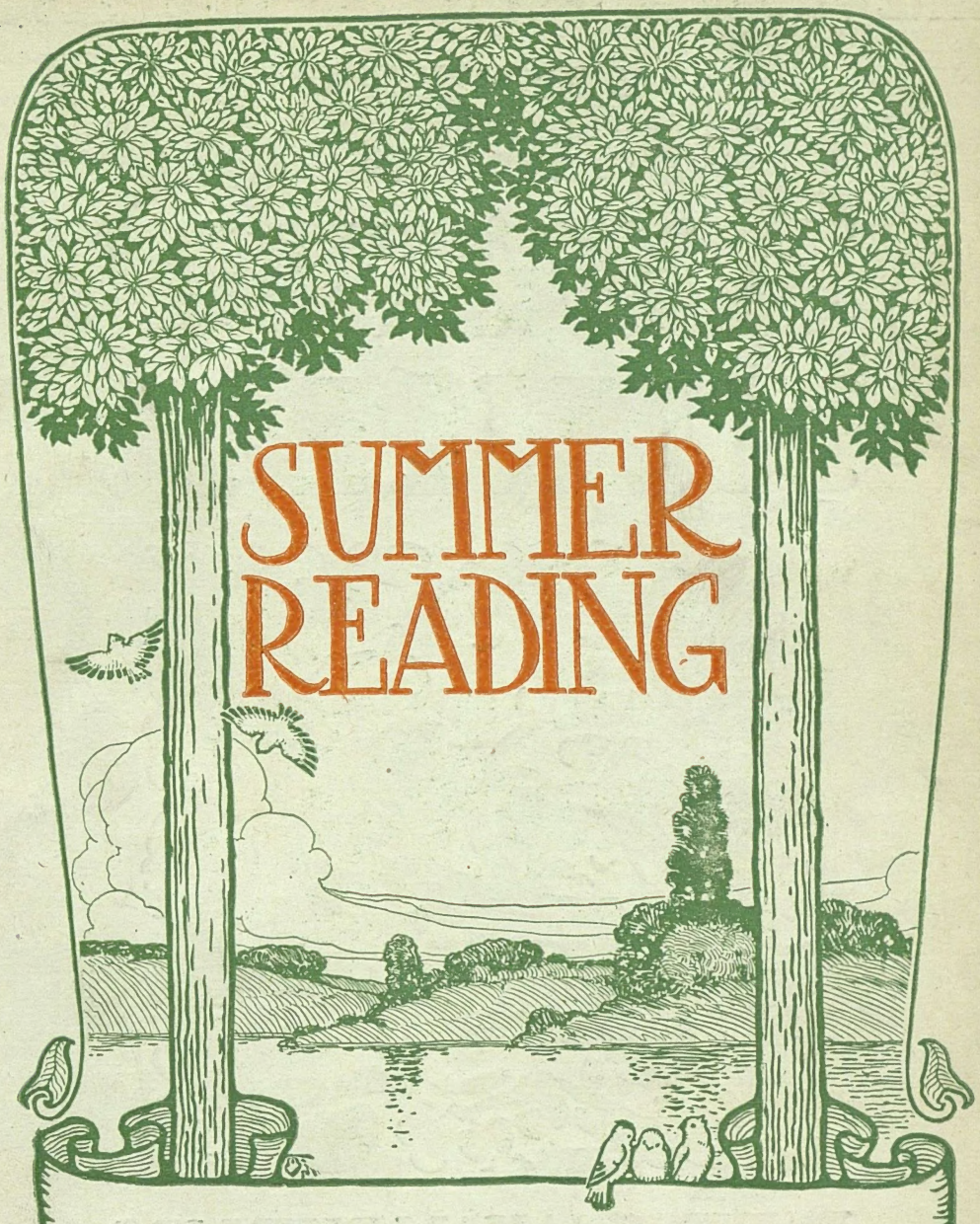
THE PUBLISHERS' WEEKLY: SUMMER NUMBER



SUMMER READING

BEING THE SUMMER NUMBER
OF
THE PUBLISHERS' WEEKLY
MAY 26, 1906
VOL. LXIX. NO. 21 WHOLE NO. 1791

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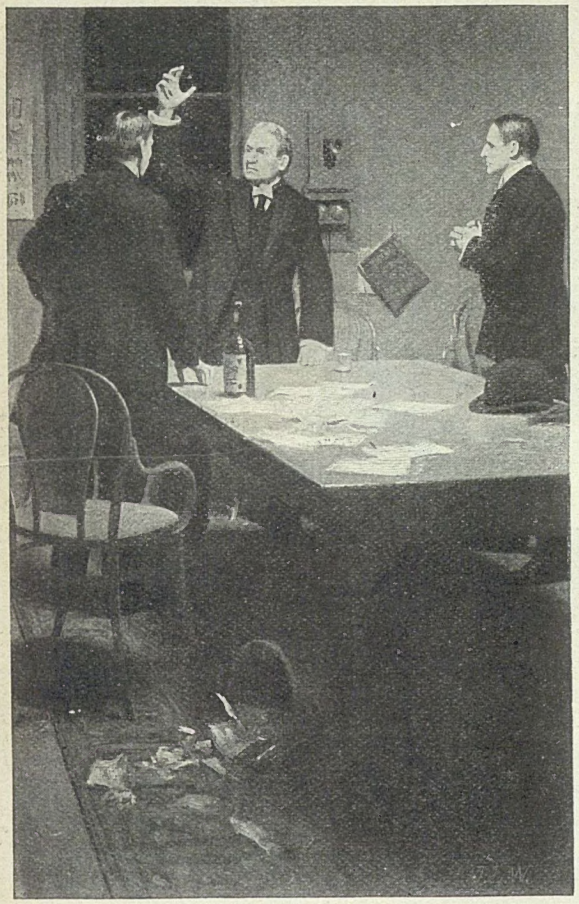

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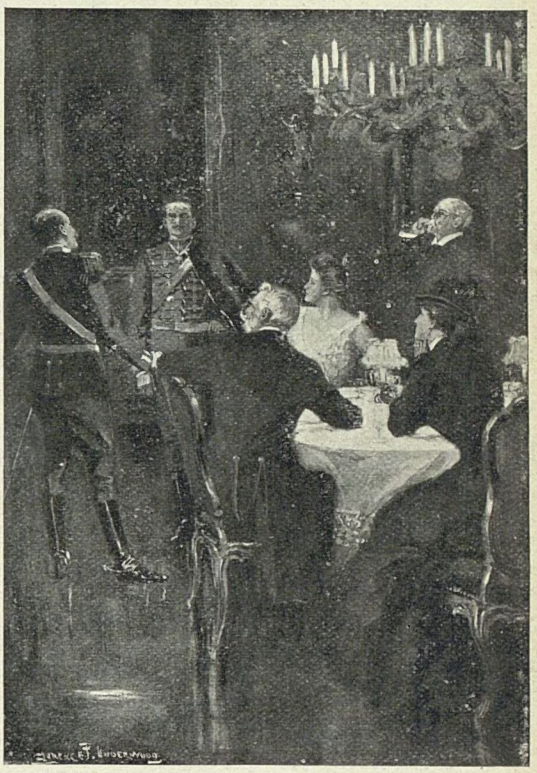

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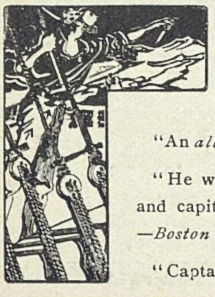

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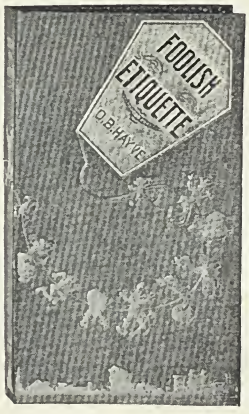

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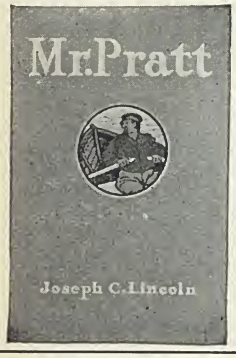

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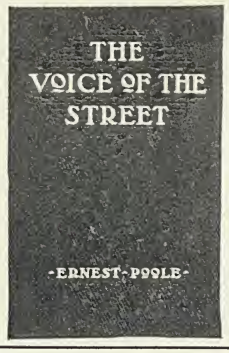

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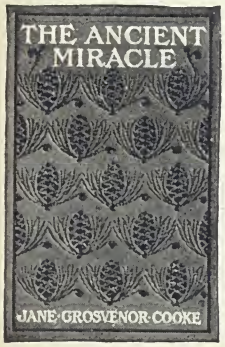

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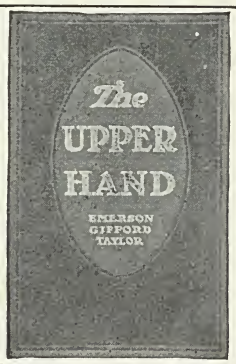

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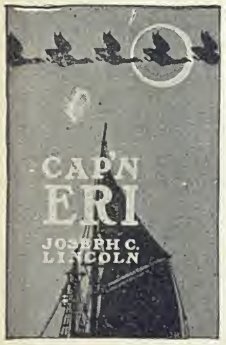

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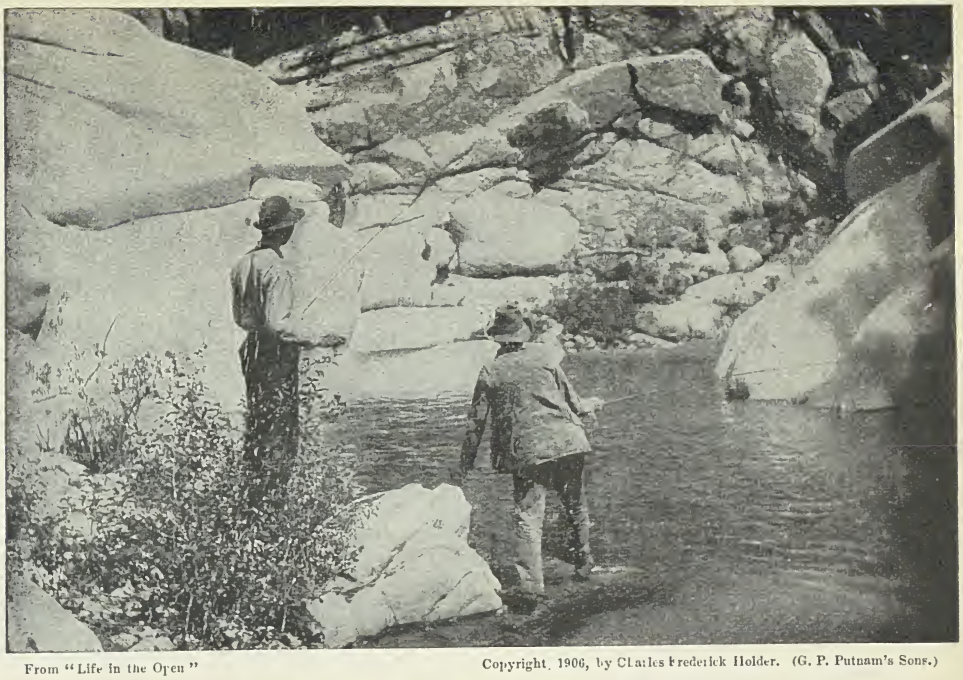

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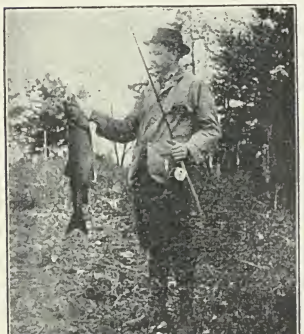
CASTING IN THE UPPER BIG POOL, DEEP CREEK, SAN BERNARDINO RANGE.

LIFE IN THE OPEN.

TO follow the wild animal to his native haunts for study or sport, to observe the bird in his nest or on the wing and picture his pretty body and graceful actions with pen and kodak, or bring him to earth with the sure aim of the enthusiastic sportsman, to wander by the silver stream where finest fish delights the heart of the disciple of Izaak Walton, or to plant gardens rich in flowers or fruit, are still favorite pursuits of that holiday time we all look forward to as the Paradise awaiting us in some of the weeks of the long year in which so many lead the strenuous business, or professional, or society life.



From "Camp Kits and Camp Life." Copyright, 1906, by Charles Stedman Hanks. (Charles Scribner's Sons.)

SATISFIED WITH HIS CATCH.

"Tell you what I like the best,
'Long about knee-deep in June,
'Bout the time strawberries melts
On the vine—some afternoon,
Like to jist git out an' rest,
An' not work at nothin' else."

But this *dolce far niente* method of the poet would be monotonous to the active American who often obtains a rest through a mere change of employment, and plans for his vacation something that shall take him into the open, even if it involves a straining of a new set of muscles or the exercise of hitherto unused brain matter. Our President rests from the cares of state in hunting wild game, courts Nature in her wildest aspects in "the forest primeval," climbs mountains, endures privation and danger, returning to the White House a wholly new man after a few weeks of the "simple life," among the rough sons of the soil of the western border. President Roosevelt's recent writings gathered in book-form under the title of "Outdoor Pastimes of an American Hunter" pictures adventures thrilling and exceptional with cougars and bears, deer and elk, and other game large and small indigenous to the mountains and forests of the far west. Mr. Roosevelt's enjoyment of life is so intense, he is so observing and instructive, that one finds innumerable pleasures in his book, which is as many-sided and spontaneous as himself. Photographs taken on the trip illustrate the text, presenting the President in some of his happiest moods.

Another enthusiastic wooer of Nature, Charles Frederick Holder, draws upon the impressions of twenty years spent in Southern

From "Camp Kits and Camp Life." Copyright, 1906, by Charles Stedman Hanks. (Charles Scribner's Sons.)

A LEAN-TO CAMP.

California along the shore or in the mountains of Sierre Madre to construct his latest book, "Life in the Open." Not only are hunting and fishing exploits of winters and summers recalled, but the fruits and flowers of this wonderful country are described, its great scenic marvels dwelt upon, many statistics and useful information completing a volume that to the hunter or tourist represents a most interesting and indispensable companion. Every vacation seeker needs for his hunting or fishing expedition, or his sojourn in the woods, a copy of "Camp Kits and Camp Life," by Charles Stedman Hanks, the author of "Hints to Golfers," who has often used the pen-name of "Niblick." He will find everything in it he may desire to know about camps and camp-fires, camp cooking, what to do if lost in the woods, with many suggestions for fishing, trapping or hunting derived from the author's own experiences. Another little book supplementary to the preceding is "Bob and the Guides," by Mary R. S. Andrews, also most helpful although written in diary form by a very mischievous boy. It has its scene in a camp in Canada, and relates the amusing adventures of the grown-ups gathered there, in a way no one can fail to enjoy. One may learn, too, much that is new about camping and hunting.

The scientific study of the dwellers in the open, the investigations of their habits and wild ways, the suggestion founded upon great research that they may have a language of their own, that they may even think and reason and possess emotions nearly akin to those of the human, have resulted in volumes of delightful reading that appeal strongly to the learned and unlearned alike, and portray vacations of longer or shorter periods, novel and fascinating in the extreme. The camera plays a strong part in the majority of these books, producing exact pictures of animals and birds taken from life. Sila A. Lettridge's "Animal Snapshots and How Made" is a narrative of the author's own observations and experiences in studying our friends in fur and feather, in which the photographs illustrate the facts in an instructive and charming manner. Schillings' "Flashlights in the Jungle" comes from a well-known German naturalist, who with nearly one hundred assistants penetrated to the heart of equatorial Africa, and photographed by flashlight at night the wild beasts in their lairs. That their adventures bordered on the marvellous goes without saying, and that the illustrations taken from photographs so exceptionally made stand for pictures of animal conditions never before attempted to be reproduced show the work and magnitude of Professor Schillings' work.

Arthur H. Beavan's "Animals I Have Known" is devoted to British wild and do-

mestic animals and to the wild life of Australasia and South America. Some studies of animal life in the far north are embraced in "Northern Trails," by William J. Long, illustrated artistically by Charles Copeland. "Wilderness Babies" and "Animal Heroes" are both along the same lines, taking familiar animals and weaving a story out of their adventures and imaginary thoughts and fancies. The last named is from the pen of Ernest Thompson Seton, made famous by his "Wild Animals I Have Known." The first book has as its author J. A. Schwartz. "Extinct Animals," by Dr. Edwin Ray Lankester, describes in simple language the various animals which have become extinct—the reptiles, fish, birds and four-footed beasts. The book represents a course of lectures adapted to a juvenile audience given by the author during 1903-4 at the Royal Institution, London. "The Fox," by Thomas F. Dale, treats of the breeding, habits and sportsmen's methods of dealing with this wily animal. The volume belongs to the *Fur, Feather and Fin Series.* "Red Fox" tells the life and adventures in story form of a fox that was quite a hero of romance in Charles G. D. Roberts's inimitable style. The author of "Red Saunders" and "Mr. Scraggs" brings his favorite hero into new combinations in "Red Saunders' Pets," displaying his eccentric philanthropy in his adoption of various kinds of "critters," who make rather ridiculous returns for the kindness bestowed upon them.

In "Two Bird-Lovers in Mexico" C. W. Beebe, Curator of Ornithology of the New York Zoölogical Park, records the experiences and observations of a trip across Mexico from Vera Cruz to the Pacific and back made by his wife and himself, during the winter of 1903 and 1904. They found great pleasure in roughing it, camping out with their guide, or living in the saddle. They not only studied the birds, but other forms of animal life about them. The camera was their chief assistant, as it was in the following works: "The Home Life of Wild Birds," a new method of the study and photography of birds, by Francis Hobart Herrick, who this year publishes a new revised edition of this work, first issued in 1901, with nearly fifty new illustrations from nature. "Birds I Have Known," by Arthur H. Beavan, records the author's experience of birds during many years in many lands and on many seas. The story of a white and black magpie, who learned in captivity to talk "man-talk," is given in "Chatwit," by Philip Verrill Mighels. Escaping again to the woods he boasts so loudly of his accomplishments that he becomes the centre of much gossip and endless conspiracies, in which all the wild creatures take part.

Outdoor life will never lose its charm, nor

From "The New Earth." Copyright, 1906, by The Macmillan Company.

"WHEN THE CALIFORNIA VINEYARDS ARE HEAVY WITH THE HARVEST."

will its literature ever entirely cease. New books are continually being published about gardens and trees, and special plants and flowers. The newest ones are "Common Sense Gardens, How to Plan and Plant Them," by Cornelius V. V. Sewell, rich in practical information about everything the man or woman wants to know in working his or her own little bit of ground. Louise Sheldon's "The Seasons in a Flower Garden" is recommended to amateurs who have small gardens. It is a guide to the securing a variety of constantly flowering plants from April to November. "The Amateur Gardener's Rose Book," taken from the German of Julius Hoffman and adorned with colored plates from drawings by Hermann Friese, relates to the raising, culture and general treatment of roses. Although from a German gardener's point of view, the information will be none the less useful to American rose-growers. "The Country Day by Day," by E. Kay Robinson, is an English year of outdoor life, depicted by an English writer, who chronicles every changing aspect of the earth and clouds, the beast and birds and flowers, in the form of a diary, illustrated with reproductions of photographs from nature. A continuous story of gardening, beginning with a window garden in January and going through the planting of the outdoor garden in the spring and summer, is offered in "A Little Garden Calendar for Boys and Girls," by Albert Bigelow Paine. Other volumes in this line are Gibson and Jelliffe's "Our Native Orchids," G. A. Woolson's "Ferns and How to Grow Them," a practical handbook uniform with the author's "Roses and How to Grow Them," and J. E. Rogers's "The Tree Book." A recital of the triumphs of modern agriculture in America may be enjoyed in W. S. Harwood's "The New Earth," the writer who gave us "New Creations in Plant Life." The basis of the work is the researches chiefly of scientists in government and state bureaus, but so attractively prepared as to be most readable by the unscientific man or woman.

Sport and adventures in many seas with spear and rod are embraced in another of Charles Frederick Holder's books of the year, namely, "The Log of a Sea Angler." Florida is the scene of the larger number of the episodes, while others have their setting in other localities from Maine to California. "The Practical Angler, or, the Art of Trout Fishing," by W. C. Stewart, is a volume for the fisherman's kit when idling away the hot summer days. "The Book of the Automobile" has for its subject an article for sport and pleasure, so largely in evidence in the outdoor life that it deserves a mention in this place. As prepared by Robert T. Sloss it seemingly covers all one could possibly want to know in the history or management of this annihilator of time and space. "Polo, Past and Present," by Thomas F. Dale, the latest issue of *Country Life Library of Sports,* is historical as well as rich in information. It is certainly a means of obtaining open-air exercise not to be neglected. "Pilgrimages to Old Homes" in historical by-ways of old England comes from the pen of Fletcher Moss. Health and strength came from visits to old gardens and picturesque grounds, the book containing a fund of information.

From "Ferns and How They Grow." Copyright, 1906, by Doubleday, Page & Co.

TWO VALUABLE GARDEN FERNS.

From "The Mayor of Warwick." Copyright, 1906, by Herbert M. Hopkins. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

"HAVE YOU NOTICED HOW SILENT IT HAS GROWN?"

"THE BOOKS OF THE HOUR."

ACCORDING to Ruskin, "all books are divisible into two classes, the books of the hour and the books of all time." It is "the books of the hour" to which we would call attention—the novels in fact, which take the lead over every other class of publications, remembering always that any one of them, or all of them, may be counted some day among "the books of all time."

As one reads novels chiefly for amusement, to fill the idle holiday hours, when trying to forget the serious problems of life, we shall mention first some of the lighter works with "happy endings" as most in harmony with the season and especially calculated to soothe weary minds and gently excite the risibles. Owen Wister's "Lady Baltimore" is a charming dainty novel of Charleston, South Carolina, introducing the old aristocratic set, a survival of the war, and discussing frankly the negro question from the southerner's viewpoint. The author's fine wit individualizes his characters with artistic precision,and throws a romantic glamour over every-day events. Who does not remember the moments of exquisite pleasure spent in reading "Ships That Pass in the Night?" The writer of that novel, Beatrice Harraden, presents a new work under the title of "The Scholar's Daughter," in which a father would restrain the natural impulses of a young girl towards love and companionship, and make her a "book-worm" like himself. The setting is a fine old house in a quaint English town. The plot is not exciting, but is developed with the realism and grace that marked Miss Harraden's first novel. Paris in 1862 is the scene of Dr. Weir Mitchell's "A Diplomatic Adventure." It is related by a secretary to the American Legation, and has to do with a stolen dispatch. Dr. Mitchell is never more at home than among Parisian landmarks. His story, one of cross-purposes, involving a pretty woman, is in his most genial mood, overflowing with funny incidents. "The Chateau of Montplaisir" bubbles over with frolic and amusing situations brought about through the antics of a wealthy old soap boiler, who endeavors to have himself counted among the French aristocracy. It is one of the best specimens of Molly Elliot Seawell's clever work. Love is "The Eternal Spring" that finds its chronicler in Neith Boyce, the pen name for Mrs. Hutchins Hapgood. A charming villa just outside of Florence belonging to a young American

From "The Idlers." Copyright, 1906, by L. C. Page & Co.

RENÉE BUCKINGHAM.

widow is the stage upon which this poetical drama of a beautiful Italian summer is played. Anna Chapin Ray has written another story of Quebec in "Hearts and Creeds," tracing the unhappiness springing from a marriage between a Catholic and Protestant. Outdoor life plays a large part in the story. "The Truth About Tolna," by Bertha Runkle, whose first story, "The Helmet of Navarre," was so favorably received, has an operatic tenor for its hero. "Pam Decides" carries forward the story of that unconventional heroine "Pam," the Baroness Bettina von Hutten's successful story of last year. Add to this group "A Lame Dog's Diary," by S. Macnaughton, relating the convalescing of a young Englishman returned from South Africa; "A Motor Car Divorce," by Mrs. Louise Closser Hale, a charming story for the owner of an automobile; and "The Wheel of Life," by Ellen Glasgow, whose scenes and characters reproduce the homes and the people of old-fashioned New York still lingering around Gramercy Park. Still to be named among the novels warranted to leave no shadow behind is Mary Stuart Boyd's most pleasant, homely English tale of "The Misses Make-Believe." Life in London and Devonshire is the background to this love story of two attractive English girls, whose limited means led them often into ridiculous struggles to keep up appearances.

In "The Quickening," by Francis Lynde, we have a most carefully written novel chiefly devoted to depicting the development of a young man's character, born in the Tennessee valley and destined for the ministry. George Moore's "The Lake" is a novel of Ireland told largely through letters between a Catholic priest and a young girl. "The Shadow of Life," by Anne Douglas Sedgwick, is a character study painted with keen intellectual insight. "The Edge of Hazard," by George Horton, carries a young Bostonian to Siberia on a business venture directly before the outbreak of the Japanese war with Russia. "The Dawn of a To-morrow," by Frances Hodgson Burnett, (now Mrs. Stephen Townesend,) is reminiscent of Dickens, as it takes the reader among the very poorest of London streets, and the most miserable of its inhabitants. Its moral is pointed at a rich and powerful man weary of life, who, after hearing the pathetic stories of the characters, is convinced there is still some work in the world for him to accomplish. "The Healers," by Maarten Maartens, successfully satirizes the present fads and theories of unscientific healing.

Love has not been the sole theme of the summer novel, although scarcely one will be discovered without its beautiful heroine and ardent lover. Other subjects at present occupying the public mind are discussed in many, in an interesting and intelligent way. The question of "tainted" money—whether it is not as wrong to accept it as to help in the making of it by unscrupulous means—comes up in the following novels: "The Evasion," by Eugenia Brooks Frothingham; "Between Two Masters," by Gamaliel Bradford, Jr.; and "The Great Refusal," by "Maxwell Gray," the pseudonym of Mary Gleed Tuttiett. The negro has special studies made of his gifts and limitations in Emily Selkirk's "The Stigma" and in "In the Shadow," by Henry Cottrell Rowland. "The Jungle," by Upton Sinclair, is a powerful but painful picture of the misery and degradation of the workers in the stock yards of Chicago. An unflattering photograph of the London smart set is presented in Morley Roberts's "The Idlers." "In the Shoestring Country," by F. Chamberlin, is a story of politics in the South in 1900.

Good detective stories are always in order. No one can make a mistake in selecting any one of the group we shall name for a summer companion on boat or car, or under the trees of one's summer retreat. To begin with there is Mrs. Rohlfs' (Anna Katharine Green) latest, "The Woman in the Alcove;" "No. 101," by Wymond Carey; "The Arncliffe Puzzle," by Gordon Holmes; "The Passenger from Calais," by Major Arthur Griffiths.

Tales of unusual adventure in various parts of the world are comprised in Ervin Wardman's "The Princess Olga;" Hume's "Lady Jim of Curzon Street;" "The Girl from Tim's Place," by Charles Clark Munn; "The Prisoner of Ornith Farm," by Frances Powell; "The Castle of Lies," by Arthur H. Vesey; "The Voyage of the *Arrow* to the China Seas," by Thornton Jenkins Hains; and "The Cruise of the *Conqueror*," by G. Sidney Paternoster, being the further adventures of the "Motor Pirate."

One of the especially good things of the moment is Mrs. Humphry Ward's "Fenwick's Career," in which a poor artist plays his part in the cultured London society Mrs. Ward is always so happy in depicting. Fenwick's character is said to be a study based upon that of the English artist, George Romney, although the London depicted is of the nineteenth and not of the eighteenth century. The many admirers of John Luther Long have a treat in store in "The Way of the Gods." He has written nothing heretofore so intense, so rich in real dramatic situations, so full of pathos and romance as this story of the Japan of today. The author of "The Abandoned Farmer," Sydney H. Preston, has produced an amusing character novel called "On Common Ground;" and character study of a wicked but fascinating woman is the leading motive of "The Invisible Bond," by Eleanor Talbot Kinkead.

Two very handsomely made books, enriched with many decorations in colors, are "Ni-

From "Pam Decides." Copyright, 1906, by Dodd, Mead & Co.

"THEY ARE MUCH TOO SMALL, YOU SEE."

canor, Teller of Tales," by Miss C. Bryson Taylor, and "For the Soul of Rafael," by Mrs. Marah Ellis Ryan. The first is a story of Roman Britain, the second has its scene in old California. "The Throwback," by Alfred H. Lewis, relates to love and adventure in the early days of Texas and the Southwest. "Alton of Somasco," by Harold Bindloss, is a romance of the great Northwest. "The Portreeve" takes us again to the Devon of Eden Phillpotts, and offers us a story of the people in which a woman's revenge brings about a tragical ending. An analytic study of a woman's mind when brought face to face with an ennobling love is comprised in "All That Was Possible," by Howard Overing Sturgis. "Uncle William, the Man Who Was Shif'less," by Jennette Lee, is an amusing character study of a Nova Scotia islander. "Lucy of the Stars," by Frederick Palmer, deals with the love and politics of the present. "The Mayor of Warwick," by Herbert Müller Hopkins, is a story of an up-to-date college town, as is "The Tower," by Mary Tappan Wright. "The Cleansing of the 'Lords,'" by Harold Wintle, is an entertaining criticism of English political methods. "The House of Shadows," by Reginald J. Farrer, is an odd story of an eccentric Englishman. "The Girl in Waiting," by Archibald Eyre, is also an English story of unusual incident. "The Snare of Strength," by Randolph Bedford, has its scene in Australia.

If one wants to go back to the old standards and purchase a volume that shall always find a place on the library shelf, he must not fail to examine the pretty pocket editions of Dickens, Thackeray, Scott, the Brontës, Jane Austen, embraced in Nelson's *New Century Library* or the tiny volumes of the *World's Classics*, a series which contains, besides poems and essays that have stood the test of time, examples of the choicest fiction ever written. Wessels' *Popular Copyrighted Fiction* is a recent collection of novels that have met with readers' approval, and are placed at a very reasonable price. *Everyman's Library* is a selection of the best not only in fiction, but in many other literary lines, such as biography, poetry, essays and historical romance.

From "Uncle William." Copyright, 1903, by The Century Company.

UNCLE WILLIAM.

From "Lady Betty Across the Water." Copyright, 1906, by McClure, Phillips & Co.

"HE TURNED AROUND QUICKLY, GLANCED UP AND CAUGHT MY EYES, AS I WAS LOOKING DOWN, QUITE DISTRESSED."

Lady Betty Meets the American Farmer.

From the Williamsons' "Lady Betty Across the Water." (McClure, Phillips.)

If any English person should write a novel, and make a farmer in it talk like Mr. Trowbridge, every one who read the book would say he was impossible. He quoted Shakespeare, and Wordsworth, and Tennyson; and in mentioning his work at the hives in the morning, asked if we had read Mæterlinck's "Life of the Bee." From that he fell to discussing other things of Mæterlinck's with Mr. Brett, and incidentally talked of Ibsen. There wasn't the least affectation about it all.

By and by he left us alone for a few minutes, while he went to speak to a man who works on the farm. He was going to show us the maple sugar camp when he came back, and we sat on a felled oak and waited.

"What an extraordinary man!" I said to Mr. Brett.

"You mean because he's a farmer," said he, his eyes laughing.

"Well—I suppose I do. But then, of course, he's a gentleman farmer, not an ordinary one at all."

"He's a gentleman in the way that all the good people in the country round are gentlefolk, because they're self-respecting and kind-hearted and intelligent. But he comes of generations of workers. They make no pretensions to blue blood, though perhaps they may have some in their veins, and don't think themselves superior socially to their own farm hands—like that one over there. Nor do they consider themselves inferior to anybody. They simply take it for granted that they are the equals of any other American, or for the matter of that, persons of any foreign nations."

"You needn't be afraid I shall misunderstand anything they may do or say," said I. "My ideas about them are beginning to crystallize already, as you thought they would. But I'm wondering at them all, still. They're so utterly new to me, so absolutely different from any types we have or could have at home."

. . . "Why, Mr. Brett, in a way I believe they're like *Us*—more like us, really, deep down and far back, than a good many enormously rich people I met at Newport, who think no end of themselves and live in palaces, and know Royalties abroad. *We* take ourselves for granted, and then don't make any more fuss or bother about our manners or whether we're going to do the right thing or not. But a few of the people even in your Four Hundred don't seem quite easy in their minds about themselves. I've never seen anything in big houses at home, where I've been with Mother or Vic, to come near the luxury of theirs, yet several I've met can't seem to relax and look thoroughly comfortable, as if they really liked it. They build castles because it's the smartest thing they can do, and because grand people always did it a long time ago. Of course, in old times you had to live in them and couldn't have nice

seaside cottages with balconies, because if you did your enemies shot off your head, or poured boiling oil on you; but nowadays they merely say horrid things behind your back, and it's just play-acting to build new ones. People talk about a man being 'worth' so many millions, as if it didn't matter what else he's worth, and they seem to be worrying a lot about themselves. Now, I can't imagine your cousins doing that. They just take themselves for granted, as we do in England. Their behaviour is like the air they breathe, and as much a part of themselves as that air is when it's in their lungs. There's a kind of invisible bond between our kind of people at home and people like these, I think, if you come to study it. They are real. There's nothing artificial about them."

Phoebe Seeks Fenwick in London.

From Mrs. Humphry Ward's "Fenwick's Career." (Harper.)

With dry, reddened eyes, she stared at the portrait of the woman who must have stolen John from her. The mere arrangement of the room seemed to her excited nerves a second outrage;—Mrs. Gibbs's reception of her and all that it had implied, had been the first. What could this strange illumination mean, but that John's thoughts were taken up with his sitter in an unusual and unlawful way? For weeks he could leave his wife without a letter, a word of affection. But before going out for an hour, he must need light these lamps and place them so—in order that this finicking lady should not feel herself deserted, that he should still seem to be admiring and adoring her!

. . . The poor girl stood there, seething with passion, pluming herself on a knowledge of the world which enabled her to "see through" these abominable great ladies. . . . Waves of unreasoning passion swept across her. The gentleness and docility of her youth had been perhaps mechanical, half-conscious; she came in truth of a hard stock, capable of violence. She put her hands to her face, trembled, and turned away. She began to be afraid of herself.

With a restless hand, as though she caught hold of anything that might distract her from the picture, she began to rummage among the papers on the table. Suddenly her attention pounced upon them; she bent her head, took up some and carried them to the lamp. Five or six large envelopes, bearing a crest and monogram, addressed in a clear hand, and containing each a long letter—she found a packet of these, tied round with string. Throwing off her hat and veil, she sat down under the lamp, and, without an instant's demur, began to read.

First, indeed, she turned to the signature—"Eugénie de Pastourelles." Why, pray, should Madame de Pastourelles write these long letters to another woman's husband?

. . . Ah! but wait a moment. Her eye fastened greedily on the following passage:

"I hardly like to repeat what I said the other day—you will think me a very intrusive person!—but when you talk of melancholy and loneliness, of feeling the strain of competition, and the nervous burden of work, so that you are sometimes tempted to give it up altogether, I can't help repeating that some day a wife will save you from all this. I have seen so much of artists!—they of all men should marry. It is quite a delusion to suppose that art—whatever art means—is enough for them, or for anybody. Imagination is the most exhausting of all professions!—and if we women are good for nothing else we *can* be cushions—we can 'stop a chink and keep the wind away.' So pay no attention, please, to my father's diatribes. You will very soon be prosperous—sooner perhaps than you think. A *home* is what you want."

Kind and simple sentences!—written so innocently, and interpreted so perversely! And yet the fierce and blind bewilderment with which Phœbe read or misread them was natural enough. She never doubted for a moment, but that the bad woman who wrote them meant to offer herself to John. She was separated from her husband, John had said, declaring of course that it was not her fault.

. . . She started up, goaded by a blind instinct of revenge, seizing she scarcely knew what. On the table lay a palette, laden with some dark pigment with which Fenwick had just been sketching in part of his new picture. In a pot beside it were brushes.

She caught up a large brush, dipped it in the paint, and going to the picture—panting and crimson—she daubed it from top to bottom, blotting out the eyes, the mouth, the beautiful outline of the head—above all, the hands, whose delicate whiteness specially enraged her.

When the work of wreck was done, she stood a moment gazing at it. Then, violently, she looked for writing-paper. She could see none: but there was an unused half-sheet at the back of one of Madame de Pastourelles's letters, and she roughly tore it off. Making use of a book held on her knee, and finding the pen and ink with which, only half an hour before, Lord Findon had written his check, she began to write:

"Good-bye, John.—I have found out all I want to know, and you will never see me again. I will never be a burden on a man who is ashamed of me, and has behaved as though I were dead."

Social Democracy Under the Sea.

From David M. Parry's "The Scarlet Empire." (Bobbs-Merrill.)

"I can not express my debt to you," said Walker. "I am only one of the common herd who, penniless and hungry, drop themselves into the sea, but now I know that no man should throw away his life. I am indebted to you for saving me, not only from death, but from the crime of self-destruction."

"You are a citizen of the upper world," he responded, "and of course do not know that all men are penniless in the country to which I belong. Money is of no value whatever among us, and as for self-destruction, rest

your conscience, for that is not counted by us a crime."

"For the love of Heaven," I cried, bewildered by his words, "is this not some cavern along the coast, and are you not a citizen of the United States?"

He looked, I thought, in pity at me and replied:

"I know nothing of your United States. I am a fisherman, sometimes a surgeon, and I am connected with the Fishery Department of Atlantis, or, as it is often called, the Scarlet Empire This chamber is not on the coast but at the bottom of the sea."

I was too stunned to reply.

"I foresee," he continued "that you will ask me many questions. So let me tell you that the Scarlet Empire is a social democracy, the most advanced form of government in history, and since you, being a barbarian, only newly come from the bleak wilderness beyond the waters, may not understand what is meant by social democracy, I must say further that ours is a land of many laws and that among these laws is one limiting the number of words which a man may speak in a day. Do you observe this little instrument?" At this he pointed to a small object that hung close to his throat. "That is a verbometer—it is a curious contrivance too intricate to explain and the inspectors of speech alone have the knowledge to read from it the number of words it registers. I am limited to one thousand words a day, and you should be aware that I have already consumed much of this quota on you."

"What!" I exclaimed, incredulous.

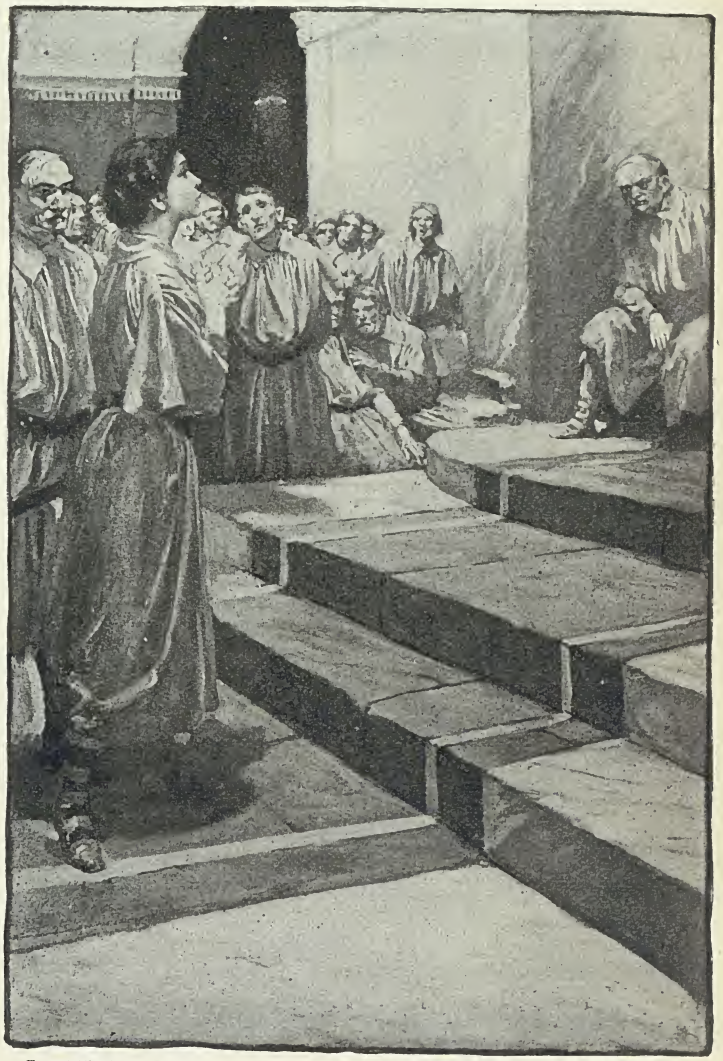
"I see you are slow to believe me or else you criticise by innuendo one of the laws of the Democracy. It is dangerous even to hint a doubt as to the righteousness of any law. The majority rules in Atlantis, and the individual must obey implicitly. The law placing a limitation on speech was based on the discovery made generations ago that an unrestrained tongue leads frequently to crime and conspiracy; besides, there is the further consideration that it is not just, save where the occupation makes exception necessary, for one individual to talk more than another—it is not in consonance with the fundamental idea of universal equality which the Democracy seeks to enforce."

"Pardon me," I said meekly, "I did not intend to criticise—I was only voicing my surprise."

"Let me warn you, then, against being too curious or too much surprised—it may get you into trouble," he returned, standing with his arms akimbo and looking me over critically

"I am obliged to you for your warning," I said faintly, feeling a sudden drowsiness. "I do not wish to impose on your fund of words, but I should like to know the name of my rescuer."

"I have no *name*," was the reply. "My *number* is 713."



From "The Scarlet Empire." Copyright, 1906, by The Bobbs-Merrill Co.

"I ONLY SPOKE FOR THE YOUTH," SHE BEGAN.

Resting From Wall Street.

From Joseph C. Lincoln's "Mr. Pratt." (Barnes.)

I SEE 'em pretty often during the next week. They used to loaf down to the landing of a morning, smoking cigars, and with their hands in their pockets. Crazy or not, there was a something about 'em that kind of got me; I own up I begun to like 'em, in spite of their tophamper being out of gear. As a general run I don't hanker for the average city boarder. He runs too much to yachting clothes and patronizing. Neither the clothes nor the airs set well; kind of look like they was second-hand and made over for him by the folks at home. When one of that kind is out sailing with me, and begins to lord it and show off afore the girls, the *Dora Bassett* is pretty apt to ship some spray over the bow. A couple of gallons of salt water, sliced off a wave top and poured down the neck of one of them fellers is the best reducer I know of; shrinks his importance like 'twas a flannel shirt.

But Nate Scudder's private patients wa'n't that kind. Not that they wa'n't dressed. Land sakes! I don't s'pose they wore the same vests two days running. But they looked like they was used to their clothes, not as if they'd just been introduced and didn't feel to home in 'em. And they didn't patronize none to speak of; called me "Skipper" and "Sol" just as sociable as could be. And as for the girls, they never looked twice at any of the hotel ones. Them two skittish females that I took over to Trumet used to get in their way and beg pardon and giggle, hoisting flirtation signals, so to speak, but Van Brunt and Hartley wouldn't even come up into the wind; just keep on their course like they was carrying the mail. 'Twas these two females that first named 'em "The Heavenly Twins;" 'twas shortened later to "The Heavenlies."

Every time I took the Heavenlies on a cruise the more certain I was that they were loons—harmless and good-natured, of course, but loons just the same. Most generally they carried a book along with 'em and read it out loud to each other. They'd read a spell and then stop and break out with, "By Jove! that's so. He's right, isn't he?" You'd think that book was a human almost, the way they went on about it. I've heard a minister do the same way over the Scriptures; but this wa'n't the Bible, the name of it was "The Natural Life." I borrowed it once to look at, but 'twas all foolishness to me; telling about money being a cuss, and such rot. I've been cussed considerable sence I first went out to sea, but not by money—no, *sir!*

But Van Brunt would read three or four fathom of rubbish out of "The Natural," and then heave to and say:

"Odd we didn't think of that afore, Martin. It *doesn't* count for much, does it? Well, we're through with it now, thank God! Look at that sunset. Have a smoke, skipper?"

And then he'd pass over a cigar that had cost as much as ten cusses a box, if I'm any judge of tobacco.

From "Mr. Pratt." Copyright, 1906, by A. S. Barnes & Co.

MR. PRATT AND "THE HEAVENLIES."

The Mother Meets Dora Nani.

From "Stories Retold in English." (Brentano's.)

ON principle as much as from necessity, Madame Dolland had never entered a theatre. She saluted ceremoniously the woman who showed her to the seat, and apologized for disturbing her neighbors. Shyly she studied the boxes, the crystal chandeliers and the mystery of the lowered curtain. The music fascinated her, but at the same time irritated her nerves. Although her heart beat rapidly, she did not experience the sensation of grief which she had dreaded, but rather a sort of feverish curiosity for which she reproached herself. "My son, my son, what would he say?" she thought, and furtively, in order to conciliate heaven, she began to tell her beads.

A scene of fairyland was revealed. A lake tinted by the rays of the setting sun with the colonnade of a marble palace extended along its border. On the steps appeared the princess; the applause was deafening. Awaiting silence, Dora Nani remained in an attitude of modesty as if a stranger to the ovation of which she was the recipient. To all appearance she was lost in a trance, and there was a far-away look in her eyes as she gazed into space. Her beautiful bare arms emerged from her dress of pure white, and her whole figure was lighted up by the flickering rays of the dying sunlight. Madame Dolland had never imagined anything to equal it. The scene appeared to her more beautiful than the church decorated for Easter-tide. Dora Nani in her halo of blonde tresses, in her garb of innocence, which the blood-red sun seemed

to smirch, was a saintly picture calculated to bring tears to the eyes.

Then Dora Nani began to speak. The tone of her voice was low and serious; it caressed; it moved; it enchanted. Madame Dolland was subjugated.

The actress advanced. The grace of her movements made her appear more beautiful than in repose. Madame Dolland did not take her eyes away from her. She paid scant attention to the coming and going of the other personages or to the dialogue. All her interest in the piece was concentrated upon Dora Nani and she *admired* her. At the fall of the curtain, Madame Dolland applauded. During the *entr'acte* she did not stir from her place. She was as if in a dream, and experienced an indescribable sensation of combined joy and bitterness. She seemed to be learning only now what life really meant.

"Her son had known Dora Nani," and she was conscious of a feeling of pride mingled with grief.

She saw her with the eyes of her son; she thought she heard him say "Beauty alone merits our worship," and, shaken in all her beliefs of yesterday, she approved of the sentiment. So when Dora Nani at the end of the play marvellously expired in the presence of the audience, Madame Dolland sobbed:

"How she must have suffered."

From "The Race of Life." Copyright, 1906, by F. M. Buckles & Co.

"MOIRA, I WANT TO SPEAK TO YOU."

A Fateful Meeting.

From Guy Boothby's "The Race of Life." (F. M. Buckles & Co.)

I AM able now to state that at the time of our first meeting Moira was exactly twenty years of age; but had I judged from her appearance as I saw her then, I should have added to it at least another ten or possibly more. That, under happier circumstances, she would be beautiful admitted of no doubt, but at present she was too haggard and terrified to appear to any advantage. Her pallor, whether natural or the result of her night's exposure, was certainly unusual, and contrasted strangely with her dark eyes and raven hair. Her hands and feet were small and shapely, and I noticed that she wore no ring. Her dress was old and much torn.

For a moment we looked at each other, then I rose, and she hastened to follow my example. It was then that I discovered how tall she was. At a rough guess, she could not have stood much under five foot eleven. Her figure was lithe, and properly dressed would doubtless be graceful. As it was it did not show to the best advantage. What her nationality was I could only conjecture from her English, but that she had some foreign blood in her veins struck me as being more than probable.

"You saved my life," she cried impulsively, holding out her hand to me as she did so. "I shall never forget it. My God! what should I have done had I not met you. I was mad with fear. Oh, this awful night, I shall never be able to rid myself of the memory of it!"

"Time will do that," I answered. "I am thankful, indeed, that we came across each other. Had you been wandering long before we met?"

"An eternity," she replied, clenching her fists and looking straight before her as she spoke, though why she did so I could not

From "Folly." Copyright, 1906, by The Baker & Taylor Co.

"FOLLY."

(From a painting by Sigismond de Ivanowski.)

understand. "I believe I must have gone mad for the time being. I can only remember running on and on, striking against trees, falling over large stones, and shrieking with terror at the lightning, which, I believed, was chasing me like an evil spirit to slay me. Then I saw you, seated beside this rock. Who are you, sir, and how is it that you happen to be here? I thought there was not a human being within miles."

"I might ask the same question of you," I replied. "A lady was the last person I expected to find out here. As for myself, my name is Tregaskis, and I am one of the owners of this and the next station. This is a wild part of the world for a girl to be alone in. I wonder whether I could manage to find your party while you wait here in the shelter of this rock. If you can give me any idea of the direction, I would find my horse and set out in search of them at once. Doubtless they are not very far away."

"I am alone," she answered, and I cannot hope to give you any idea of the way she said it. "I had a companion, but he is dead. God knew him for the villain he was, and sent the lightning to kill him."

"Do you mean that your companion was struck by lightning and killed?" I cried, looking at her in amazement. "Surely you don't mean that? Your terror must have made you believe it."

"It is true," she cried, stamping her foot as if in anger at my contradicting her. "The devil sent him into the world to wreck my life, but God was on my side and killed him to save me. I can see that you do not believe what I say. Come with me, then, and see for yourself. I ran in the dark, knowing nothing of where I went, yet I will take you straight to the spot where he lies. Come."

Folly's Game of Whist.

From Edith Rickert's "Folly." (Baker & Taylor.)

FOLLY looked at her mother-in-law hard, then took up the cards and shuffled them. All at once, as she began to deal them out, it shot through her mind that she might shift the responsibility to the shoulders of chance or fate. All she had to do was to play fair; and the cards should tell her whether she must walk along the broad road of wifehood and motherhood, or seek him that she loved among the bypaths that the world eschewed. Dummy should decide the question once for all—she perceived the way. A game within a game, that should be it. Let the mater win and Susan, it was of no consequence; but she should play against Dummy, and all that he stood for, and of the two of them, who took most tricks should score as winner. She would stake all on this throw and have done with the torture of suspense; and she would play fair . . . fair. . . .

"What are you smiling about, child?" asked Mrs. Christie.

"My own nonsense, dear. Suppose—suppose Dummy were the devil himself?"

"Why, then, you'd get burnt fingers," was the retort.

"I believe I could play with him," she insisted.

"Well, well, we are waiting," grumbled the old lady.

Folly was as conscious of a definite plunge as if she had dived into cold water. Dummy should be the devil, if he it was that tempted her to leave all that she had, for love's sake; and she would play against him for husband and child. . . . It was an insane thing to do, she said to herself; and yet she swore that she would hold to the innings.

"Now we shall see what you make of the game, with all your cleverness," said Mrs. Christie presently.

"So we shall"—she was in grim earnest.

A little later, the old lady asked: "Why do you keep all your tricks apart from Dummy's?"

"It's a whim—a fancy," she answered lightly; but followed every step of the game with a painful caution, and fever in her cheeks and eyes.

"Dummy has all the cards," she said hoarsely after a time. "Look: ace, king, knave, ten—what show has the poor queen? It's Dummy who's winning this game, mater. I can't do any better, can I?"

"Extraordinary!" said Mrs. Christie, studying the cards. "No, I don't know that you can. But then it's all the same, as you're partners, dear."

And Folly smiled.

But soon her lips began to droop, for in the very next deal Susan made a brave show of trumps; and in the necessity of meeting these, Dummy lay, a crushed heap of low cards, swept away, time after time, by her

own fighting-men. At the end of the second game, her heart was cold, for she—good, dutiful, pious Florence!—had thirty tricks and Dummy only seventeen.

By this she knew well enough which way her will was bent; but still she played fair.

In the rubber, Dummy, not allowed the slightest advantage, began nevertheless slowly to gain upon her. Folly's heart beat to suffocation as she counted trick after trick to his credit. When he came abreast, she bit her lip to keep in a cry; and when he passed her, she trembled so that she could scarcely hold the cards. She was deaf to the triumph of materkin in winning the rubber; but her face wore the look of one who after long wandering in a labyrinth of blackness has come upon a sunny way of exit.

And she had played fair. Outwardly—yes; but she put her hands up to her burning face, with shame that all the while her heart and will had been with the Adversary.

"Facts Are Coming, Inspector."

From Anna Katharine Green's "The Woman in the Alcove." (Bobbs-Merrill.)

"MRS. FAIRBROTHER wore the real diamond, and no imitation, to the ball. Of this I feel sure. The bit of glass or paste displayed to the coroner's jury was bright enough, but it was not the star of light I saw burning on her breast as she passed me on her way to the alcove."

"Miss Van Arsdale!"

"The interest which Mr. Durand displayed in it, the marked excitement into which he was thrown by his first view of its size and splendor, conform in my mind the evidence which he gave on oath that at that time he believed the stone to be real and of immense value. Wearing such a gem, then, she entered the fatal alcove. But now something happened. A shout from the driveway, or a bit of snow thrown against the window, drew her attention to a man standing below, holding up a note fastened to the end of a whip-handle. I do not know whether or not you have found that man. If you have—" The inspector made no sign. "I judge that you have not, so I may go on with my suppositions. Mrs. Fairbrother took in this note. She may have expected it and for this reason chose the alcove to sit in, or it may have been a surprise to her. Probably we shall never know the whole truth about it; but what we can know and do, is that it made a change in her and made her anxious to rid herself of the diamond. It has been decided that the hurried scrawl should read, 'Take warning. He means to be at the ball.' But why was it passed to her unfinished? Was the haste too great? I hardly think so. I believe in another explanation, which points with startling directness to the possibility that the person referred

From "The Woman in the Alcove." Copyright, 1906, by The Bobbs-Merrill Co.

"GENTLEMEN, YOU HAVE ALL BEEN GREATLY DECEIVED."

to in this broken communication was not Mr. Durand, but one whom I need not name. Oh," I burst forth with feverish volubility, as I saw the inspector's lips open in what could not fail to be a sarcastic utterance, "I know what you feel tempted to reply. Why should a servant deliver a warning against his own master? If you will be patient with me you will soon see; but first I wish to make it clear that Mrs. Fairbrother, having received this warning just before Mr. Durand appeared in the alcove—reckless, scheming woman that she was!—sought to rid herself of the object against which it was directed in the way we have temporarily accepted as true. Relying on her arts, and possibly misconceiving the nature of Mr. Durand's interest in her, she hands over the diamond hidden in her rolled-up gloves, which he, without suspicion, carries away with him, thus linking himself indissolubly to a great crime of which another was the perpetrator. That other was the man I saw leaning against the wall at the foot of the alcove a few minutes before I passed into the supper-room."

From "Cowardice Court." Copyright, 1906, by Dodd, Mead & Co.

"SO YOU ARE PUTTING ME OFF YOUR PLACE?"

This is Proscribed Land.

From George B. McCutcheon's "Cowardice Court." (Dodd, M. & Co.)

THE horsewoman saw him step into the middle of the road, smiling oddly but deferentially; her slim figure straightened, her colour rose, and there was a—yes, there was a relieved gleam in her eyes. As she drew near he advanced, hat in hand, his face uplifted in his most winning smile—savouring more of welcome than of repellence.

"I beg your pardon," he said; "doubtless you are not aware that this is proscribed land."

"Then you *are* Mr. Shaw?" she asked, checking her horse with premeditated surprise and an emphasis that puzzled him.

"Yes, madam," he responded gravely, "the hated Shaw. Permit me," and he politely grasped the bridle rein. To her amazement he deliberately turned and began to lead her horse, willy nilly, down the road, very much as if she were a child taking her first riding lesson.

"What are you doing, sir?" she exclaimed sharply. There was a queer flutter of helplessness in her voice.

"Putting you off," he answered laconically. She laughed in delight and he looked up with a relieved smile. "I'm glad you don't mind. I have to do it. These feuds are such beastly things, you know. One has to live up to them whether he likes it or not."

"So you are putting me off your place? Oh, how lovely!"

"It isn't far, you know—just down by those big rocks. Your line is there. Of course," he went on politely, "you know that there *is* a feud."

"Oh, yes; I've heard you discussed. Besides, I met Tompkins and James this morning. Pardon me, Mr. Shaw, but I fancy I can get on without being led. Would you mind—"

"My dear madam, there is no alternative. I have taken a solemn vow personally to eject all Bazelhurst trespassers from my place. You forget that I am, by your orders, to be thrown into the river and all that. Don't be alarmed! I don't mean to throw you into the river."

"By my orders? It seems to me that you have confused me with Lord Bazelhurst."

"Heaven has given me keener perception, your ladyship. I have seen his lordship."

"Ah, may I inquire whether he was particularly rough with you this afternoon?"

"I trust I am too chivalrous to answer that question."

"Will you permit me to explain my presence on your land?"

Comf'tabul Living.

From Jennette Lee's "Uncle William." (Century Co.)

"I GOT to thinkin' 'bout it, days when I was sailin', and wondering if mebbe the Lord wa'n't gettin' *folks* ready jest the way he did the rocks—rolling 'em over and having 'em pound each other and claw and fight and cool off, slow-like, till bymeby they 'd be good sweet earth and grass and little flowers—comf'tabul to live with"

The artist sat up. "Do you mean to say you wouldn't stop folks fighting if you could?"

Uncle William eyed the proposition. "Well, I dunno 's I 'd say jest *that*. I've thought about it a good many times. Men al'ays *hev* fit and I reckon they *will*—quite a spell yet. There 's Russia and Japan now: you couldn't 'a' stopped them fightin' no more 'n two boys that had got at it. All them Russians and them little Japs—we couldn't 'a' stopped 'em fightin'—the whole of us couldn't have stopped 'em—not unless we 'd 'a' took 'em by the scruff o' the neck and thrown 'em down and set on 'em—one apiece. And I dunno 's that 'd be much better 'n fightin'—settin' on 'em one apiece."

The artist laughed out.

Uncle William beamed on him. "You see, this is the way I figger it: Russia and Japan wa'n't fightin' so much for anything they reelly wanted to *git*. It was suthin' *in* 'em that made 'em go for each other, tooth and nail, and pommel so—a kind o' pizen bubbling and sizzling inside 'em; we've all got a little of it." He smiled genially. "It has to work out slow-like. Some does it by fightin' and some does it by prayin'; and I reckon the Lord 's in the fightin', same as in the prayin'."

The artist looked at him curiously. "Some people call that the devil, you know."

Uncle William cleared his throat. He picked up a little stone and balanced it thoughtfully on the palm of his hand. Then he looked up with a slow smile. "I ain't so well acquainted with the devil as I ust to be," he said. "I ust to know him reel well; ust to think about him when I was out sailin'—figger how to get ahead of him. But late years I 'd kind o' forgot— He's livin' still, is he?"

The artist laughed quietly. "They say so—some of them."

Uncle William's smile grew wider and sweeter. "Well, let him live. Poor old thing! 'T won't hurt none, and he *is* a kind o' comfort to lay things on when you 've ben, more 'n usual, cussed."

From "In Our Town." Copyright, 1906, by McClure, Phillips & Co.

SUPPRESSING NOTHING "ON ACCOUNT OF THE RESPECTABILITY OF THE PARTIES CONCERNED."

Our Little Daily Newspaper.

From William Allen White's "In Our Town." (McClure, Phillips.)

THOUGH our loathed but esteemed contemporary, the *Statesman*, speaks of our town as "this city," and calls the marshal "chief of police," we are none the less a country town. Like hundreds of its kind, our little daily newspaper is equipped with typesetting machines and is printed from a web perfecting press, yet it is only a country newspaper, and knowing this we refuse to put on city airs. Of course we print the afternoon Associated Press report on the first page, under formal heads and with some pretence of dignity, but that first page is the parlour of the paper, as it is of most of its contemporaries, and in the other pages they and we go around in our shirt sleeves, calling people by their first

From 'Problems of Babyhood.' Copyright, 1906, by Henry Holt & Co.

A ROMPER.

names; teasing the boys and girls good-naturedly; tickling the pompous members of the village family with straws from time to time, and letting out the family secrets of the community without much regard for the feelings of the supercilious.

Nine or ten thousand people in our town go to bed on this kind of mental pabulum, as do country-town dwellers all over the United States, and although we do not claim that it is helpful, we do contend that it does not hurt them. Certainly by poking mild fun at the shams—the town pharisees—we make it more difficult to maintain the class lines which the pretenders would establish. Possibly by printing the news of everything that happens, suppressing nothing "on account of the respectability of the parties concerned," we may prevent some evil-doers from going on with their plans, but this is mere conjecture, and we do not set it down to our credit. What we maintain is that in printing our little country dailies, we, the scribes, from one end of the world to the other, get more than our share of fun out of life as we go along, and pass as much of it on to our neighbours as we can spare.

No one remembers a time when there were not two newspapers in our town—generally quarrelling with each other. Though musicians and doctors and barbers are always jealous of their business rivals, editors are so jealous of one another, and so shameless about it, that the profession has been made a joke. Certainly in our town there is a deep-seated belief that if one paper takes one side of any question, even so fair a proposition as street-paving, the other will take the opposing side.

Freedom to Grow.

From R. K. and G. W. Fitz's "Problems of Babyhood." (Holt.)

I WISH that I might also persuade mothers of the wisdom and kindness of substituting in the case of creeping children some sort of "rompers" or bloomers for the ordinary gown. They may be made of pretty fabrics, in dainty colours if you will, but for the growing, active child they afford the freedom which a gown never gives. Have you never seen a child try to climb into a chair, creep upstairs or do some other valuable exercise, only to find himself held down by the gown? Such lack of freedom is bad for the physical development of the child; such constant annoyance frets him nervously. The use of rompers has yet another point to recommend it, in that it makes unnecessary the petticoats which so increase the burden of laundering.

I hope that the time may come, and that quickly, when children will be sensibly dressed in simple coloured clothes, when mothers can watch their vigorous, healthful play without constant apprehension of the labour involved in white clothes soiled and delicate fabrics torn. The effect will be even more artistic, since fussy overdressing is least appropriate on a child, who requires rather severe simple treatment for the accentuation of his own beauty. But even were this not so, the complications of dress might well be sacrificed to the mother's peace of mind and the child's joyous freedom.

The Mother-love of a Spinster.

From Kate W. Yeigh's "A Specimen Spinster." (Am. Baptist.)

MAUD came to me after I was in bed and knelt down with her head beside mine.

"Is the pain all gone?" she asked, and when I said it was, she patted my cheek with her soft little hand.

"Auntie, I am so happy, but I never felt so sad in all my life." She spoke in a low, musing way, with many pauses, and a voice so full of thrilling sweetness I never heard before. "I want my mother, Auntie; I am homesick for my mother. I feel so weak and young, and yet so old, as old as Eve! I feel as if I had been blind and groping all my life, and now the light affrights me. A girl needs her mother when she loves a man—when she first looks with love into a man's eyes, and he lets her see what love is. Auntie, I love your boy Dick till every breath is a pain, the sweetest, sorrowfullest pain a girl ever felt. I want to be worthy of him, I want to help him; you must teach me how to be wise, Auntie; you must love me, because no one else on earth can make your Dick happy. How dare a woman marry a man she does not love! And Dick's mother never loved her husband—how could she hope to be happy, cheating him and her children so, the poor innocent children! I want to make up to Dick for all he has lost; but we are so young, we'll have to wait a long, long time. You are glad, aren't you? And you do love me?"

She went to sleep with her head on my shoulder, after I had told her all the short, sweet love-story of her mother, who was my

best loved cousin. All night she slept in my arms, while I lay awake seeing visions—the ghosts of bygone dreams stole past, the pale shades of hope that had died before they were born, flitted by.

My heart cried out hungrily, "Oh, that I might have had a son like Dick, a daughter to turn to me, a living soul that was part of me, to whom I had given life and love—" For the deepest wells of mother-love oft lie hidden in the hearts of those who have no husband.

"I Didn't Stop to Think."

From Francis Lynde's "The Quickening." (Bobbs-Merrill.)

"'Way down deep inside of you, you don't believe God worries Himself much about what happens to us little dry leaves in His big woods."

"Oh, but I do!—that is, I believe He cares. The things you spoke of are things I might easily be deprived of; and I choose to believe that He gives and continues them."

He was quiet for a full minute, sitting with his knees drawn up to his chin and his hands tightly clasped over them. When he looked up at her his face was the face of one tormented.

"I wish you'd ask Him to let my mother live!" he said brokenly. "I've tried and tried, and the words just die in my mouth."

There is a Mother of Sorrows in every womanly heart, to whom the appeal of the stricken is never made in vain. Ardea saw only a boy-brother crying out in his pain, and she dropped on her knees and put her arms around his neck and wept over him in a pure transport of sisterly sympathy.

"Indeed and indeed I will help, Tom! And you mustn't let it drive you out into the dark. You poor boy! I know just how it hurts, and I'm so sorry for you!"

He freed himself gently from the comforting arms, got up rather unsteadily, and lifted her to her feet. Then the manly bigness of him sent the hot blood to her cheeks and she was ashamed.

"O Tom!" she faltered; "what must you think of me!"

He turned to gather up the scattered holly.

"I think God made you—and that was one time when His hand didn't tremble," he said gravely.

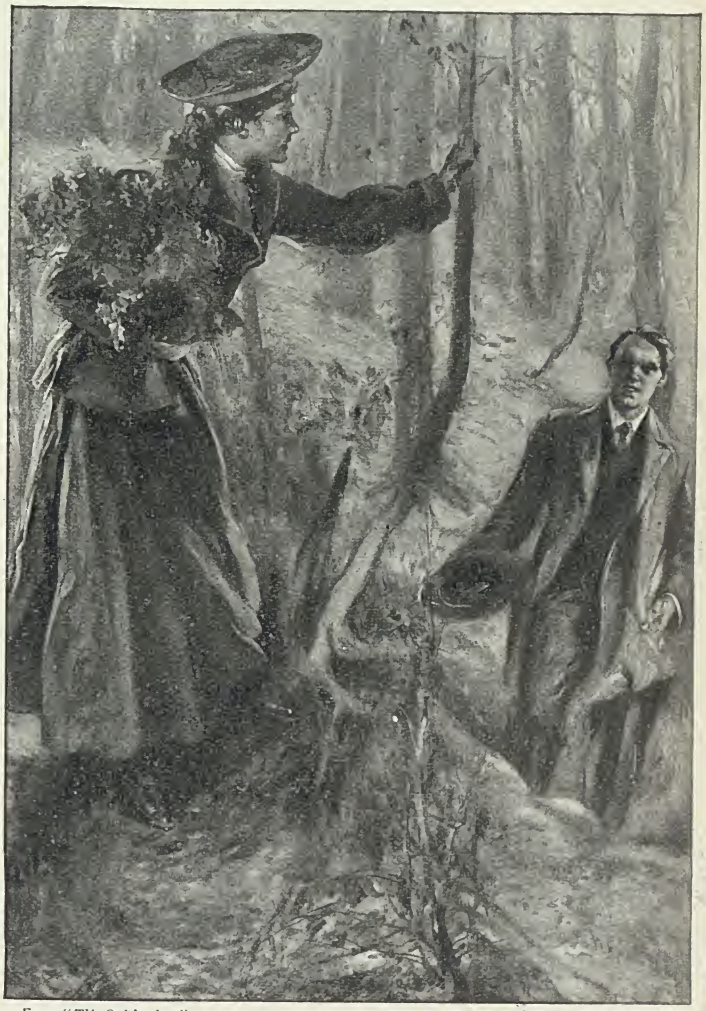
They had picked their way down the leaf-slippery mountain side and he was giving her the bunch of holly at the Dabney orchard gate before he spoke again. But at the moment of leave-taking he said:

"How did you know what I needed more than anything else in all the world, Ardea?"

She blushed painfully and the blue eyes were downcast.

"You must never speak of that again. I didn't stop to think. It's a Dabney failing, I'm afraid—to do things first and consider them afterward. It was as if we were little again, and you had fallen down and hurt yourself."

"I know," he acquiesced, with the same manly gentleness that had made her ashamed. "I won't speak of it any more—and I'll never forget it the longest day I live. Good-by."



From "The Quickening." Copyright, 1906, by The Bobbs-Merrill Co.

"I HAVE BEEN WISHING YOU COULD BE WITH ME."

A German's Theory of Happiness.

From Neith Boyce's "The Eternal Spring." (Fox, Duffield Co.)

"I've been reading a learned German's theory of happiness," Carleton said. "He thinks that happiness depends upon the exercise of energy and what he calls the volitional surplus. Now, the volitional surplus—"

"Never mind it!" interrupted Clara. "That's just like a learned German! How could he possibly know anything about happiness?"

"By the justly famous Teutonic method. He would first carefully observe the phenomena of happiness in different classes of individuals, and investigate the causes. Then he would tabulate his results and reduce them to a mathematical formula, such as—"

"Oh, pray don't be Teutonic! But tell me your theory of happiness."

"I haven't any. But I could give you some facts, and perhaps from them we could construct a theory. For instance, I am happy at this moment. Now, why am I happy?"

"I'm sure I don't know. But I suppose it's because you have nothing to make you unhappy at the moment; and so you're at peace."

"You are mistaken. I'm not at peace. Happiness isn't peace. But I'm happy because I can sit here, and look at you, and talk to you."

"I can't construct any theory on those facts. There aren't enough. At what other times and in what other circumstances have you been happy?"

"I think I've never been happy before."

"I'm afraid you're frivolous. You haven't the proper scientific spirit. I shan't pursue the investigation any further."

"But you have a theory of your own. You said—"

"I didn't say anything about happiness. I said one had to be happy in order to rest. And by that I mean, not to be tormented by people and things. I should like to go far away, away from everybody and every place I've known."

"To Africa, for instance?"

"Anywhere."

"You're quite heartless to say that. But, fortunately, you can't do it."

"No, it isn't fortunate for me; or for other people, either. I don't make anyone happy."

"You might."

"No, I couldn't possibly. And people make me desperately unhappy."

"And do you think you would find a better order of people somewhere else?"

"I should like not to find any at all."

"Oh, a desert island, perhaps?"

"Yes, something like that."

"With a grand piano on it, and a French dressmaker?"

"And a good maid, and a *cordon bleu*."

"What frightful selfishness, to want to keep all those good things to yourself! And to keep yourself to yourself—that's worst of all."

"Oh, I shall do it yet. I shall run away. Surely I have a right to be happy if I can."

"Yes, but not alone."

"But that means not at all. You don't understand."

"I understand that you're in a Byronic mood to-night, and that you have a romantic temperament."

Clara shivered. "Don't talk about temperament, I beg you. I haven't any at all; I have only temper. I have a very bad temper."

From "The Eternal Spring." Copyright, 1906, by Fox, Duffield Co.

"DO YOU THINK WE'RE TOO HAPPY?"

Keeping Up the Newport Pace.

From Owen Wister's "Lady Baltimore." (Macmillan.)

"WHAT a lot you seem to have seen and suffered of the advanced Newport!"

"Yes. There was no choice. I had gone to Newport upon—upon an urgent matter, which took me among those people."

"I saw," he resumed more briskly, "fifteen or twenty—most amazing, sir!—young men, some of them not any older than I am, who had so many millions that they could easily—" he paused, casting about for some expression adequate—"could buy Kings Port and put it under a glass case in a museum—my aunts and all—and never know it!" He livened with disrespectful mirth over his own picture of his aunts, purchased by millionaire steel or coal for the purposes of public edification.

"And a very good thing if they could be," I declared.

He wondered a moment. "My aunts? Under a glass case?"

"Yes, indeed—and with all deference be it said! They'd be more invaluable, more instructive, than the classics of a thousand libraries."

He was prepared not to be pleased. "May I ask to whom and for what?"

From "Lady Baltimore." Copyright, 1906, by The Macmillan Co.

"OH YES, YOU WOULD," SAID HORTENSE.

"Why you ought to see! You've just been saying it yourself. They would teach our bulging automobilists, our unlicked boy cubs, our alcoholic girls who shout to waiters for 'high-balls' on country club porches—they would teach these wallowing creatures, whose money has merely gilded their bristles, what American refinement once was. The manners we've lost, the decencies we've banished, the standards we've lowered, their light is still flickering in this passing generation of yours. It's the last torch. That's why I wish it could, somehow, pass on the sacred fire."

He shook his head. "They don't want the sacred fire. They want the high-balls—and they have money enough to be drunk straight through the next world!" He was thoughtful. "They are the classics," he added.

I didn't see that he had gone back to my word. "Roman Empire, you mean?"

"No, the others; the old people we're bidding good-by to. Roman Republic! Simple lives, gallant deeds, and one great uniting inspiration. Liberty winning her spurs. They were moulded under that, and they are our true American classics. Nothing like them will happen again."

"Perhaps," I suggested, "our generation is uneasily living in a 'bad quarter-of-an-hour'—good old childhood gone, good new manhood not yet come, and a state of chicken-pox between whiles." And on this I made to him a much-used and consoling quotation about the old order changing.

"Who says that?" he inquired; and upon my telling him, "I hope so," he said, "I hope so. But just now Uncle Sam 'aspires to descend.'"

I laughed at his counter-quotation. "You know *your* classics, if you don't know Tennyson."

He, too, laughed. "Don't tell Aunt Eliza!"

"Tell her what?"

"That I didn't recognize Tennyson. My Aunt Eliza educated me—and she thinks Tennyson about the only poet worth reading since—well, since Byron and Sir Walter at the very latest! Neither she nor Sir Walter come down to modern poetry—or to alcoholic girls." His tone, on these last words, changed.

Again, as when he had said "an urgent matter," I seemed to feel hovering above us what must be his ceaseless preoccupation; and I wondered if he had found, upon visiting Newport, Miss Hortense sitting and calling for "high-balls."

I gave him a lead. "The worst of it is that

From "Sirocco." Copyright, 1906, by Mitchell Kennerley.

THE FIGHT ON CAMEL BACK.

a girl who would like to behave herself decently finds that propriety puts her out of the running. The men flock off to the other kind."

He was following me with watching eyes.

"And you know," I continued, "what an anxious Newport parent does on finding her girl on the brink of being a failure."

"I can't imagine," he answered, "that she scolds her like the dickens."

"Oh, nothing so ineffectual! She makes her keep up with the others, you know. Makes her do things she'd rather not do."

"High-balls, you mean?"

"Anything, my friend; anything to keep up."

From the Sultan's Harem.

From Kenneth Brown's "Sirocco." (Kennerley.)

A BIT of paper fluttered down in front of Duncan, American trader, as he walked slowly along the only street in Kub-hub-nol that could be said to have width, as well as depth of dust and refuse. He glanced at the paper, as it rested in the hot sunshine, and noticed that it was folded three-corner-wise.

. . . The curiosity with which the American stooped for the note received a large admixture of surprise when he turned the paper over in his hand and read the superscription: "To any Englishman—Private!" Well might a note with such an address have fallen from the skies, where civilization had only begun to corrode the edge of the Darkest Continent. Duncan looked up. Above him rose a building of height and length, plainly one of importance, unpierced to its overhanging eaves, except by a row of small, latticed windows, far above the ground.

Duncan slipped the note into his pocket without opening it. Sirocco is a land where strange things may happen, and bring on strange consequences. It is also one where the straightforward way is not employed. When men wish to gain the North, they start South-East, or West-North-West; and the nearer they are brought to the Sultan of Sirocco, the more deviously they walk, and the more cautiously. Duncan himself had no reason for not going straight. He was on a little trading trip, and having conformed to the customs of the country in the matter of petty blackmail, his path had been easy. Yet insensibly the moral atmosphere of Sirocco had worked upon him; so that now, finding an unsealed note directed to "Any Englishman"—and English and Americans are commonly differentiated only in England and America—he hid it in his pocket, instead of opening and reading it. The blind wall above him and the lethargy of the sleeping bazaar opposite did not lessen his caution, and he glanced about him furtively, as if he were party to some clandestine transaction. Before moving on, however, he tried to note some landmark by which he could find again the exact spot where the letter had fallen. Seeing nothing in the long wall, he backed up to it casually, as it were, and his hands behind him, made a scratch with the ferrule of the whangee riding-cane he carried. He stepped off and surveyed the scratch, to make sure he should be able to find it again, and then walked quickly back to the caravansary where he was stopping with his four camels and their driver.

In the Hands of His Enemies.

From Mrs. A. M. Barbour's "Breakers Ahead." (Lippincott.)

THAT afternoon, with due formality and deliberation, a vote was taken by the directors of the North Western National Bank of Rockland, calling for the resignation, within the next thirty days, of Layton, the cashier, and appointing young Denning to succeed him; the latter to enter upon his duties immediately upon the resignation of his predecessor.

Denning, upon returning home that evening, notified his son of the proceedings and the latter at once telegraphed his resignation to the eastern bank with which he had been for years connected. Layton, on receiving notification the following morning of the action of the directors, at once resigned; with the result that within little more than twenty-four hours after making his decision, young Denning was quietly installed in the new position without, as yet, the public being the wiser.

That evening, at one of the clubs which his father frequented, he met Meyers for the first time. The latter had been for some days seeking an interview with the newcomer, but moving as they did in entirely different circles, it had not been easy to accomplish. On this particular evening, however, happening to have business with one of the club members and seeing young Denning present in another part of the room, he asked to be presented. As his name was announced the younger man glanced at Meyers's weazened face and stooped, shrinking form with that expression of half-tolerant indifference often tinged with mild curiosity with which a large dog regards the advances of a small one; but at the supplementary words, "editor of the *Independent*," his glance grew distinctly cold.

"I am very glad to meet you, Mr. Denning. Your father and I were quite closely associated at one time. You may have heard him speak of me."

"Possibly."

"Yes, I have known Mr. Denning quite intimately ever since he entered upon his political career; in fact, I rendered him very material assistance in his first campaign."

"Indeed!"

"Your father has had a remarkable career, Mr. Denning; he is a remarkable man and has a brilliant future."

"He has been very successful."

"You seem to have inherited his exceptional business ability."

"I doubtless have inherited his business tastes; our work is along the same line."

"But it is rather unusual for so young a man to hold a position of such responsibility. Let me see, you are cashier, I understand?"

"Yes."

"Of what bank, may I inquire?"

The eyes, so like his father's, looked straight into Meyers's blinking, shifty orbs, with a glance that forcibly reminded the latter of the days of his secretaryship.

"Of the North Western, Mr. Meyers."

"What!—beg pardon—the North Western, did you say? Not of Rockland!"

"Of Rockland."

"Why, what was the matter with Layton?"

"I know nothing regarding Mr. Layton, except that he resigned."

"Resigned! It must have been very recent."

"Quite recent, I believe."

"Well, I am surprised. Was there any dissatisfaction?"

"I can give you no information as to that, Mr. Meyers." The young man's tone indicated that he was bored.

"A little political wire-pulling, perhaps," Meyers added insinuatingly.

"None whatever, so far as I know," the other replied, rising. "You will kindly excuse me, Mr. Meyers; I see a friend waiting for me."

"Certainly." Meyers also rose, smiling. "I congratulate you, Mr. Denning. I am very glad you are to remain in Rockland. Good evening."

With his peculiar smile, Meyers watched him cross the room. "So that is *his* price," he muttered; "the price Denning has had to pay for his silence. In my opinion it will cost the old man dear."

From "Breakers Ahead." Copyright, 1906, by J. B. Lippincott Co.

"AND I—HAVE LOST."

From "Foolish Etiquette." Copyright, 1906, by John W. Luce & Co.

THE STENOGRAPHER.

Miscellaneous Pointers.

From O. B. Hayye's "Foolish Etiquette." (John W. Luce & Co.)

On a Street Car.—Ladies in street cars having all their money tucked away in the domestic lisle thread bank are advised to ask credit of the conductor; it is preferable to taking the passengers into their confidence, although it may not show such good form.

Correct Lingerie.—For latest styles in lingerie—see clothesline.

Violets.—May be worn on the chest or at the belt, if the bunch is no larger than the ordinary cannon ball, but if larger—say the size of a cabbage or an arc light—it is better taste to wear them inconspicuously in the hair.

For Your Best Girl.—Select a couple of American Beauty buds at $5 per yard: the yard and a half to two yard stems are considered quite correct and will go into the umbrella stand if nowhere else.

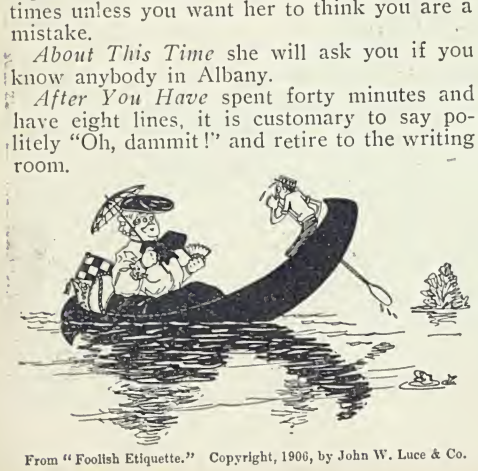
Dictating a Letter.—*To a Hotel Stenographer.*—After she has fixed her pompadour, taken her pencil from another department of her hair, felt of her belt in the back and said "Wantercarb'n?" you say briskly, "John Smith, Schenectady, N. Y."

Then You Say "Er-a—er-a—er-a," while she looks around the lobby and hums "It is Fourteen Miles from Schenectady to Troy."

You Follow This with "Dear Sir," but don't repeat "Er-a—er-a" more than twenty-six times unless you want her to think you are a mistake.

About This Time she will ask you if you know anybody in Albany.

After You Have spent forty minutes and have eight lines, it is customary to say politely "Oh, dammit!" and retire to the writing room.



From "Foolish Etiquette." Copyright, 1906, by John W. Luce & Co.

IN A CANOE.

The Bobolink.

From John Burroughs' "Bird and Bough." (Houghton, M. & Co.)

Daisies, clover, buttercup,
Red-top, trefoil, meadowsweet,
Ecstatic pinions, soaring up,
Then gliding down to grassy seat.

Sunshine, laughter, mad desires,
May day, June day, lucid skies,
All reckless moods that love inspires—
The gladdest bird that sings and flies.

Meadows, orchards, bending sprays,
Rushes, lilies, billowy wheat,
Song and frolic fill his days,
A feathered rondeau all complete.

Pink bloom, gold bloom, fleabane white,
Dewdrop, raindrop, cooling shade,
Bubbling throat and hovering flight,
And jocund heart as e'er was made.

Home Life and Studio Life in Paris.

From E. Nesbit's "The Incomplete Amorist." (Doubleday, P. & Co.)

Life in the new rooms was going very easily and pleasantly. Betty had covered some cushions with the soft green silk of an old evening dress Aunt Julia had given her; she had bought chrysanthemums in pots; and now all her little belongings, the same that had "given the *cachet*" to her boudoir bedroom at home lay about, and here, in this foreign setting, did really stamp the room with a pretty, delicate, conventional individuality. There was nothing of Paula's lying about. She had brought nothing with her, and had fetched nothing from her room save clothes—dresses and hats of the plainest.

The experiments in cooking were amusing; so were the marketings in odd little shops that sold what one wanted, and a great many things that one had never heard of. In the evenings Betty drew, while Paula read aloud—from the library of stray Tauchnitz books Betty had gleaned from foreign book-stalls. It was a very busy, pleasant, home-life. And the studio life did not lack interest.

Betty suffered a martyrdom of nervousness when first—a little late—she entered the atelier. It is a large light room; a semi-circular alcove at one end, hung with pleasant-colored drapery, holds a grand piano. All along one side are big windows that give on an old garden—once a convent garden where nuns used to walk, telling their beads. The walls are covered with sketches, posters, studies. Betty looked nervously round—the scene was agitatingly unfamiliar. The strange faces, the girls in many-hued painting pinafores, the little forest of easels, and on the square wooden platform the model—smooth brown, with limbs set, moveless as a figure of wax.

Betty got to work, as soon as she knew how one began to get to work. It was her first attempt at a drawing from the life, saving certain not unsuccessful caricatures of her fellow pupils, her professor and her chaperon. The work was much harder than she had expected. And the heat was overpowering. She wondered how these other girls could stand it. Their amused, half-patronizing, half-disdainful glances made her furious.

She rubbed out most of the lines she had put in and gasped for breath.

The room, the students, the naked brown

girl on the model's throne, all swam before her eyes. She got to the door somehow, opened and shut it, and found herself sitting on the top stair with closed eyelids and heart beating heavily.

Some one held water to her lips. She was being fanned with a handkerchief.

"I'm all right," she said.

"Yes, it's hotter than usual to-day," said the handkerchief-holder, fanning vigorously.

"Oh, I was just the same at first. All right now? I ought to get back. You just sit here till you feel fit again. So long!"

So Betty sat there on the bare wide brown stair, staring at the window, till things had steadied themselves, and then she went back to her work.

Her easel was there, and her half-rubbed out drawing—no, that was not her drawing. It was a head, vaguely but very competently

From "The Incomplete Amorist." Copyright, 1906, by Doubleday, Page & Co.

SKETCHING OUTDOORS.

"Why do they have it so hot?" asked poor Betty.

"Because of the model, of course. Poor thing! she hasn't got a nice blue gown and a pinky-greeny pinafore to keep her warm. We have to try to match the garden of Eden climate—when we're drawing from a girl who's only allowed to use Eve's fashion plates."

Betty laughed and opened her eyes.

"How jolly of you to come out after me," she said.

sketched, a likeness—no, a caricature—of Betty herself.

She looked round—one quick but quite sufficient look. The girl next her, and the one to that girl's right, were exchanging glances, and the exchange ceased just too late. Betty saw.

From then till the rest Betty did not look at the model. She looked, but furtively, at those two girls. When, at the rest-time, the model stretched and yawned and got off her throne and into a striped petticoat, most of

From "In Vanity Fair." Copyright, 1906, by Moffat, Yard & Co.

AT LONGCHAMPS.

the students took their "easy" on the stairs: among these the two.

Betty, who never lacked courage, took charcoal in hand and advanced quite boldly to the easel next to her own.

How she envied the quality of the drawing she saw there. But envy does not teach mercy. The little sketch that Betty left on the corner of the drawing was quite as faithful, and far more cruel, than the one on her own paper. Then she went on to the next easel.

When the rest was over the students trooped back and the two girls—Betty's enemies, as she bitterly felt—returned to their easels. They looked at their drawings, they looked at each other, and they looked at Betty. And when they looked at her, they smiled.

"Well done!" the girl next her said softly. "I guess you'll do!"

The Great Game of Fashion Making.

From Eleanor H. Brainerd's "In Vanity Fair." (Moffat, Y. & Co.)

Of the actresses who stand at the head of their profession in Paris, Réjane is probably the best dressed, spends the most money for her personal and unofficial adornment. She loves pretty frocks and she wears them well, off the stage as on it; but even she does not rival in her toilettes certain lesser lights of the stage, for whom, in her capacity as artiste, she may well feel a good-natured contempt.

It is when the famous actress appears in a new play that she becomes important in the dressmaking world. Then, if you please, she is extravagant, exacting, full of whims. Then she and her chosen dressmaker have long and strenuous conferences, at which the most able assistants of the master artist are present with suggestion and advice. The play must be gravely, exhaustively considered. If it deals with some historic period, the fashions of that period must be studied down to their merest detail and adapted to present needs. The physical characteristics of the actress must have due attention. She must be made to look her best—but the psychological subtleties of her rôle must also be taken into account in the planning of her costumes. Oh they are grave, very grave, the preliminary consultations concerning the costumes for a new and important rôle. Day after day Réjane drives up to the door, behind her white mules, and is closeted with the master and his chosen aids. There are sketches, crinoline models, materials to be viewed and discussed, high converse to be held concerning points upon which artiste and artist are not at one. Then come fittings by the dozen, with Monsieur looking on, and the heads of the departments called in to receive orders or suggest improvements. The skirt drapery does not fall as it should. Madame shakes her head. Monsieur knits his brows.

"Ask Renoir to come here." The chief skirt hand appears.

Renoir goes down upon her knees, rips a stitch here and there, gathers the material up in her quick fingers. A touch, a fold, a lifting here, a dropping there, while every one watches anxiously.

"Mais oui, c'est ça."

Monsieur smooths his furrowed brow, and the skirtmaker endeavours to look modest as

she hurries back to the workroom, but she is proud, extremely proud.

There is perhaps a miniature stage in one of the fitting-rooms—a tiny stage, but large enough for a solitary figure in sweeping draperies, and lighted by footlights as is a real stage. So much depends upon those footlights. They may ruin totally the effect of a frock lovely under ordinary light, just as they will make the most perfect natural complexion look cadaverous, and the stage costume must be planned with reference to this problem of lighting.

Many dressmakers care little for the theatrical custom and seldom make stage costumes save when a modern society play is in question, but other houses cater largely to the stage trade. Doucet makes more of the costumes worn on the Parisian stage than any other one maker, but Redfern has had great success in that line, and Drecoll, too, has costumed some famous rôles, while, when it comes to the modern society play, actresses turn to any one of the autocrats who finds most favour with them.

The première of an important production always brings out, if not the great dressmakers themselves, at least their official representatives, whose task it is to garner fashion ideas wherever they are to be found. Even a period play may furnish some idea in colour, line, or detail that may be adapted to modern dress and inspire a new mode, and the elaborately costumed modern play is always interesting to students of the modes. Sometimes an actress wears a new and original frock that catches the fancy of Parisiennes and launches a mode, but, in general, the stage frock's influence is limited to the inspiring of ideas for modes rather than to the setting of fashions, and the stage trade is not of great importance in the great game of fashion-making.

Professional buyers fill the salons at certain seasons of the year, and are to be reckoned with seriously in the business calculations of Monsieur.

Richard Belongs to Himself.

From William Sage's "The District Attorney." (Little, B. & Co.)

"WHY, how can *you* get along in the world without me, without my money?" repeated his father.

"With the brain which I have inherited from you; with the education which you have paid for; with the strength which I possess." Half unconsciously Richard stretched out his muscular arms. "I feel so strong I fear no conflict," he said simply.

"You could earn a living digging in a ditch," remarked his father dryly.

"Yes," assented Richard, "I could."

Again there was a short silence.

From Illustrated Edition of "Truth Dexter." Copyright, 1906, by Little, Brown & Co.

BEFORE HER SAT AN AUDIENCE OF THREE DOGS.

"Richard, you spoke a few moments ago of a sentiment called love. Doubtless you recognize a sentiment known as filial love, or at least filial duty. Can you reconcile that with cutting loose from me and leaving me as easily as though I were a stranger?"

"I am not ungrateful to you, sir. God knows I am not, but since I have had this talk with you I am the more determined to go out and make my own way in the world. I do not cut loose from you in anger. If you could read my heart you would see that I do not leave you easily."

"So this is the result of my labor? At the first difference of opinion the son disowns the father," continued Haverland, grimly.

"I do not disown my father," said Richard. "I can not forget that he is my father, nor what he has done for me; but henceforth I must do for myself. You spoke the truth when you said that everything I have, to the very clothes on my back, came from you, but in spite of this bounty you cannot control my actions for right or wrong. I am the keeper of my own conscience."

"I do not seek to control your actions. You may keep your own conscience, only in business affairs you had better be guided by me until you have had more experience," said Haverland.

"No," replied Richard, "I must not. I must judge for myself, and I must judge now. Later it will be too late. For all the money in the world I would not have had this difference arise between us, but it has arisen. If you cannot change, neither can I. Good bye, father." There was a tremor in Richard's voice, and Haverland felt the grasp of his son's hand long after he had gone.

"This is your own doing, not mine," said Haverland.

"Let us say that it is the doing of Business Interests," replied Richard.

In the Watches of the Night.

From Basil Lubbock's "Jack Derringer." (Dutton.)

"MUST a' been some one foolin' on deck," suggested the bosun.

"But the voice came from aloft, man; the whole watch was hyeh with me. It weren't none er my crowd; I'll lay a hundred dollars thar's none o' them got the nerve to go monkeyin' with me like that," replied the mate impatiently.

"An' there ain't no parrot aboard. Well, it beats all my goin' to sea," muttered the other. "My crowd was all in the foc's'le 'cept Derringer, who was doin' a doss on deck, an' I see'd him standin' in your mob as I come long aft."

"Wall, then, if he was with my crowd o' hoodlums, it couldn't ha' been him, though if thar's any deadbeat aboard who's got the cheek to do it, it's thet durned Britisher."

A curious grim smile appeared on Jack's face as his sharp ears caught the mate's remark.

Like the others, he had been awakened by the first groan.

As it ceased he heard a long-drawn breath, and looking round, spied the small white face of the ship's boy outlined by the moonlight, as he crouched up against the mast behind the pump wheel.

Even as he watched he saw the small mouth open, at the same moment the groan broke out again, apparently by the midshiphouse.

Silently Jack gazed, marvelling. No sound seemed to come from the boy, but as the groan ceased his mouth closed, and he drew a long breath.

"Well, I'm jiggered," muttered Jack to himself. "The boy's a ventriloquist, and a wonderful one at that."

Then the kid threw his voice into the mizzentop, and the words which had caused such consternation burst forth.

This time his mouth was nearly closed, and only a very keen observer could have detected any movement in his lips.

"Great Harry! If Black Davis were to catch the nipper at that game he'd kill him," mused Jack; and thinking that the performance had gone quite far enough, he drew himself under the fife-rail with the silence of a stalking Apache, and then suddenly pounced on the boy, clapping one hand over his mouth to prevent any cry of alarm.

"Hush, not a sound!" he hissed, as he took his hand from the kid's mouth.

"Don't split on me, Derringer, don't split on me. I'll never do it again, so help me Bob," half blubbered the terrified urchin.

Ethel's Unmaidenly Undertaking.

From Alfred Henry Lewis's "The Throwback." (Outing Pub. Co.)

As Jet swept southward, Ethel tried to analyze her own feelings. It set her to profound study that she felt elate, unlifted, happy. Why should she rejoice? Did she love this insolent gray-eyed one? She would have died before confessing it, even to herself! No, of course she did not love him! How should she?—a man unknown to her! a man of not altogether unequivocal character! And yet he must be saved! Here her heart spoke. But then that utterance was no more than the voice of a common humanity. Who would sit by while murderous savages surprised a fellow-creature in his sleep and slew him? Ethel gave Jet his head, and encouraged a rounder stride.

One thing that invited her wonder was that she had no apprehensions. Had not the Doña Inez said that once he were warned, the insolent gray-eyed one would know what to do? Ethel, too, was filled with a shoreless confidence in the powers of that insolent one. She had but to tell him! He would take instant and unfailing steps toward his own as well as her protection. She never once thought of Aunt Tilda; and that was a mark of selfishness. Neither did the question of how she herself was to be extricated from the trap—reputational and otherwise—into which she was so steadily riding, present itself; and that was a generous mark of a spirit and self-sacrifice greater than that selfishness.

What grew in strangeness, and kept presenting itself for Ethel's ever fresh amazement, was a sensation of tenderness and joy in what she was about. A soft glow swept over her—a glow that had no lawful place in

what sensations belong merely with saving human life. Also, she felt herself blushing; and the blush deepened when she discovered that she didn't care.

The sun was an hour above the harsh western sky line, and the long, fleet shadows of

shoulder. At this unusual attention Jet shot forward at racing speed.

Another arrow, and still another, zipped right and left, to go driving and splintering into the baked earth beyond. Ethel bent lower, and patted and soothed Jet to conciliate

From "The Throwback." Copyright, 1906, by The Outing Pub. Co.

THREW THE BRIDLE REIN ON SATHANATHUS' NECK, AND ROLLED AND LIGHTED A CIGARETTE.

Ethel and Jet danced far out to the left. It was roundly three hours since the Doña Inez had given her that farewell kiss, and wheeled off for the Cross-8.

The trail was crossing a rolling stretch of country, made of gray grassy billows with shallow wide valleys between. Jet was going easily, and never a sign of weariness or loss of spirit.

Suddenly, with a zipp! something like a yellow pencil of light flew by, and splintered on the flinty ground ahead. It was an Indian's arrow.

Ethel's heart seemed to stop beating; she was seized with a choking sense of terror! Instinctively she struck Jet with her quirt; the cut raised a welt on the black glossy and make amends for that instinctive cut of the quirt.

She glanced backward along the trail. A shiver cold as snow passed over her; next she was caught up in a hot swirl of fear. Behind, not two hundred yards away, were two Indians, their quick little mustangs coming on at top bent. As the mustangs flew toward her, their riders' bows went twanging like harp-strings, while arrow after arrow streamed from each.

Even in her terror Ethel grasped the whole horrible nightmare of paint-streaked hideous faces, dancing war-bonnets, winged arrows that sang and hummed like bees, and little ponies, nostrils wide, rushing on like comets.

And all this in a handful of seconds!

From "Red Saunders' Pets." Copyright, 1906 by Mc lure, Phillips & Co.

BOB 'UD HOP HIM.

Pets for a Happy Home.

From Henry Wallace Phillips's "Red Saunders' Pets." (McClure, Phillips & Co.)

"'HERE,' says I, 'call your dog. I can't pay attention to both of you.'

"'He won't hurt anything, you know,' says the man.

"'Well, we've got a cat in there that'll hurt *him*,' I says. 'You'd better whistle him off before old Bob wakes up and scatters him around the front yard."

"I looked into that peaceful cabin. Billy was lying on his back, his fine manly nose vibrating with melody; Wind-River was cooing in a gentle, choked-to-death sort of fashion, on the second bunk; Tom was coiled in the corner, the size of half a barrel; the Judge slept on his perch; Robert reposed under the cook-stove with just a front paw sticking out. It was one of them restful scenes our friends the poets sing about. It did appear wicked to disturb it but—

"'Will you risk your dog?' I asked that man very softly and politely.

"'Certainly!' says he.

"Says I, 'His blood be on your shirtfront,' and I moved my leg.

"Well, sir, Billy landed on the grocery shelf. Wind-River grabbed his gun and sat up paralyzed. It really was a most surprising noise. I've had hard luck in my life, but all the things that ever happened to me would seem like a recess to that bulldog. Our domestic difficulties was forgotten. 'United We Stand,' waved the motto of the lake-bed cabin, Jerusalem! That dog was snake-bit, and hawk-scratched-and-bit-and-clawed, and bob-cat-scratched - and - bit - and - clawed, till you could not see a cussed thing in that cabin but blur. And of all the hissing and squawking and screeching and yelling and snapping and roaring and growling you or any other man ever heard, that was the darndest. I took a look at the visitor. He'd got off his horse and was standing in the doorway with his hands spread out. His face expressed nothing at all, very forcible. Meanwhile, things were boilin' for fair; cook-stove, frying-pans, stools, boxes, saddles, tin cans, bull-snakes, hawks, bob-cats, and bulldogs simply floated in the air.

"'I wish you'd tell me what has busted loose, Red Saunders!' howls old Wind-River in an injured tone of voice; 'and whether I shell shoot or shan't I?'

"A bulldog is like an Irishman; he's brave because he don't know any better, and you can't get any braver than that, but there's a limit, even to lunk-headedness. It bored through that dog's thick skull that he had butted into a little bit the darndest hardest streak of petrified luck that anything on legs could meet with.

"'By-by,' says he to himself. 'Out doors will do for me!'"

Mistress and Maid.

From "The Mayor of Warwick." (Houghton, M. & Co.)

THE mistress's dark, rich beauty made the maid's prettiness seem ephemeral, without reducing it to the level of the commonplace; for Lena was not common as servants are, either in her personality or in the atmosphere she created in her room.

"I did have a turn, Miss Wycliffe," Lena stammered, "but I feel better now. I thought, perhaps, if I went out to get the fresh air"—

"And saw the procession?" her mistress suggested, with a curious smile.

Lena nodded guiltily, and a flush quickly spread beyond the limits of colour which art had fixed in her cheeks.

"Perhaps that would do you good," Miss Wycliffe remarked. Then, with a penetrating regard, she added, "And I suspect you have a personal interest in the parade, Lena."

"I want to see Mr. Emmet," the girl confessed.

"Perhaps it was Mr. Emmet who gave you that odd ring?" Miss Wycliffe continued relentlessly.

"Yes," in a voice that was almost a whisper.

"And you regard it as an engagement ring?"

"He didn't say so definitely, Miss Wycliffe. He told me not to wear it yet, and I didn't until to-night. And he made me promise not to tell—anything. You will keep my secret, Miss Wycliffe, until—until"—

"No, child, I won't tell, but I'm sorry to

say that I shall have to deprive you of the ring, as it happens to be one of my own."

Lena drooped pitifully, and her mistress deigned to explain further, though her tone was hard and cold.

"If the ring were of no special value, I shouldn't mind, but it belonged in the family, and I prized it highly."

She held out her hand imperiously, and resistance to her will was impossible. At that moment the head of the procession could be seen through the trees, and the sound of music floated up to the little room. Lena held the ring in the palm of her hand, forgetting that she had ever thought it less than beautiful, and her tears began to drop slowly. Her heart failed her. The necessity of giving up the ring seemed prophetic of the future; and moreover she was now too late to see him pass.

"Yes," Miss Wycliffe said coolly, "I was right. The cutting and arrangement of the stones is peculiar, and there's not another like it in Warwick. And one thing more, Lena. I have a reason for asking it. Do you love Mr. Emmet?"

There was no need to answer, and indeed the girl could not utter a word, so intense was her misery, so overpowering her assurance of impending disaster.

"And do you suppose he loves you just because he has kissed you and given you this ring which he picked up in the car?"

There was still no answer, and the next words came like the voice of fate.

"Well, I feel it my duty to tell you that a man in his position can only be amusing himself when he pays attention to a girl in yours. You must have nothing more to do with him. It's better for you to know it now, and to have done with this infatuation, for I tell you plainly, he means nothing that an honest girl can accept."

Left alone, Lena tottered as if she would have fallen; then sank upon her knees and crept to the window.

In her own room Miss Wycliffe stood before her mirror, looking now at the white reflection of her face, and now at the recovered ring which she had tossed upon the bureau, while in her splendid eyes blazed the light of a great and implacable anger. For the man who was at that moment passing by in the street, who had taken her gift and bestowed it upon a servant, had been her husband for more than two years.

She Wished for Excitement.

From T. Jenkins Hains's "The Voyage of the Arrow." (L. C. Page.)

THE wind increased rapidly while the vessel was paying off before it, so by the time the main and mizzen upper topsails were snug, we were kept hard at it struggling with the main and fore sails.

As she came slowly to, the full force of the wind could be realized, and the flying drift and spray gave the thing a nasty look to windward. The sea began to make rapidly.

Miss Waters stood in the door of the after companionway holding to the combings of the hatch-slide. She looked a little frightened, but was apparently enjoying the ship's plunges in spite of it. By the present outlook of things to windward, it appeared as though her wish for excitement would be fulfilled before many hours passed.

Brown turned in, or rather he went below, when I did. I fancied that he did it for ap-

From "The Voyage of 'The Arrow.'" Copyright, 1906, by L. C. Page & Co.

"MISS WATERS STOOD IN THE DOOR OF THE AFTER COMPANIONWAY."

pearances, as there was little chance for a landsman to rest.

An old sailor will never miss his watch below in bad weather if he can help it, for he never is sure of how long it will be before all hands are turned out for a fight with canvas.

He will manage to get to sleep even if he is stood on his head every few minutes. But to a person unaccustomed to the motion of an overloaded ship, the jerking and crashing going on below are unbearable. It is entirely different from a comfortable 'tween decks of a passenger ship. Every plank and timber is groaning with the strain, and the tremendous cracking will make it appear, at first, as if the vessel is going to pieces in a few moments.

On the contrary, an old sailor knows that the more noise in the working timbers, up to a certain extent, the safer is the ship, for it is only sound timber that makes a great noise. As for me, I was asleep almost as soon as I had stretched out in my bunk, but almost instantly afterward I was awakened by a thundering shock that made the ship stagger. In a moment my door was burst open and a man stuck in his head and bawled, "All hands, sir!"

From "The Bishop of Cottontown." Copyright, 1906, by John Trotwood Moore. (John Winston & Co.)

HENCE HER CARE TO SEE THAT HELEN LOOKED ESPECIALLY PRETTY.

A Live Funeral.

From John Trotwood Moore's "The Bishop of Cottontown." (Winston.)

"It may be a little onusual," the Bishop said, "to preach a man's fun'ral whilst he's alive, but it will certn'ly do him mo' good than to preach it after he's dead.

"Kind words to the livin' are more than monuments to the dead.

"Come to think about it, but ain't we foolish an' hypocritical the way we go on over the dead that we have forgot an' neglected whilst they lived?

"If we'd reverse the thing how many a po' creature that had given up the fight, an' shuffled off this mortal coil fur lack of a helpin' han' would be alive to-day! . . .

"David Dickey, the subject of this here fun'ral discourse, was born on the fourth day of July, 1810, of pious, godly parrents. Dave as a child was always a good boy, who loved his parrents, worked diligently and never needed a lickin' in his life"—

"Hold on, Bishop," said Uncle Davy, rising and protesting earnestly—"this is my fun'ral an' I ain't agoin' to have nothin' told but the exact facts: 'Jes' alter that by sayin' I was a *tollerbul* good boy, *tollerbul* diligent, with a big sprinklin' o' meanness an' laziness in me, an' that my old daddy—God bless his memory for it—in them days cleared up mighty nigh a ten acre lot of guv'ment land cuttin' off the underbrush for my triflin' hide."

Uncle Dave sat down. The Bishop was confused a moment, but quickly said: "Now bretherin, there's another good p'int about preachin' a man's fun'ral whilst he's alive. It gives the corpse a chance to correct any errors."

Then he began again:

"In manner Uncle Dave was approachable an' with a kind heart for all mankind, an' a kind word an' a helpin' han' for the needy.

"He was *tollerbul* truthful," went on the Bishop, "on all subjects he wanted to tell the truth about. An' I'm proud to say, bretherin, that after fifty odd years of intermate acquantance with our soon-to-be-deceased brother, you cu'd rely on him tellin' the truth in all things except—"

"Tell it as it was, Hillard—no—filigree work at my fun'ral —" said Uncle Dave.

—"Except," went on the Bishop," returnin' any little change he happen'd to borry from you, or swoppin' horses, or tellin' the size of the fish he happened to ketch. On them p'ints, my bretherin, the lamented corpse was pow'ful weak; an' I'm sorry to have to tell it, but I've been warned, as

you all kno', to speak the exact facts."

"Hillard Watts," said Uncle Dave rising hotly—"that's a lie an' you know it!"

"Sit down, Dave," said the Bishop calmly, "I've been preachin' fun'rals fur fifty years an' that is the fus' time I ever was sassed by a corpse. You know it's so an' besides I left out one thing. You're always tellin' what kinder weather it's gwinter be to-morrow an' missin' it. You burnt my socks off forty years ago on the only hoss-trade I ever had with you. You owe me five dollars you borrowed ten years ago, an' you never caught a half pound perch in yo' life that you didn't tell us the nex' day it was a fo' pound trout. So set down. Oh, I'm tellin' the truth without any filigree, Dave."

She's Between Heaven and Hoboken.

From Robert W. Chambers's "The Tracer of Lost Persons." (Appleton.)

"WHY not try Keen & Co.?"

"Try them? Why? I haven't lost anybody, have I?"

From "The Tracer of Lost Persons." Copyright, 1906, by D. Appleton & Co.

THE CASE OF MR. CARDEN.

"You haven't precisely *lost anybody*, but the fact remains that you can't *find somebody*," returned Kerns coolly. "Why not employ Keen & Co. to look for her?"

"Look for whom, in Heaven's name?"

"Your ideal."

"Look for—for my ideal! Kerns, you're crazy. How the mischief can anybody hunt for somebody who doesn't exist?"

"You *say* that she *does* exist."

"But I can't prove it, man."

"You don't have to; it's up to Keen & Co. to prove it. That's why you employ them."

"What wild nonsense you talk! Keen & Co. might, perhaps, be able to trace the concrete, but how are they going to trace and find the abstract?"

"She isn't abstract; she is lovely, healthy, and youthful concrete object—if, as you say, she *does* exist."

"How can I *prove* she exists?"

"You don't have to; they do that."

"Look here," said Gatewood almost angrily, "do you suppose that if I were ass enough to go to these people and tell them I wanted to find my ideal—"

"*Don't* tell them *that!*"

"But how—"

"There is no necessity for going into such trivial details. All you need say is: 'I am very anxious to find a young lady'—and then describe her as minutely as you please. Then, when they locate a girl of that description they'll notify you; you will go, judge for yourself whether she is the one woman on earth—and, if disappointed, you need only shake your head and murmur: 'Not *the* same!' And it's for them to find another."

"I won't do it!" said Gatewood hotly.

From "Lucy of the Stars." Copyright, 1906, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

SHE BROUGHT THE HANDLE OF HER CROP DOWN UPON THE VASE.

"Why not? At least, it would be amusing. You haven't many mental resources, and it might occupy you for a week or two."

Gatewood glared.

"You have a pleasant way of putting things this morning, haven't you?"

"I don't want to be pleasant; I want to jar you. Don't I care enough about you to breakfast with you? Then I've a right to be pleasantly unpleasant. I can't bear to watch your mental and spiritual dissolution—a man like you, with all your latent ability and capacity for being nobody in particular—which is the sort of man this nation needs. Do you want to turn into a club-window gazer like Van Bronk? Do you want to become another Courtlandt Allerton and go rocking down the avenue—a grimacing, tailor-made sepulcher?—the pompous obsequies of a dead intellect?—a funeral on two wavering legs, carrying the corpse of all that should be deathless in a man? Why, Jack, I'd rather see you in bankruptcy—I'd rather see you trying to lead a double life in a single flat on seven dollars and a half a week—I'd almost rather see you every day at breakfast than have it come to that!

"Wake up and get jocund with life!"

Theatrics of American Politics.

From Frederick Palmer's "Lucy of the Stars." (Scribner.)

GLANCING toward the box which the doctor and Lucy occupied, John saw her greet him with a pantomime of approval; and then a man from the wings brought him a note.

"That was splendid courage," she had scribbled impulsively on a calling-card. "It doesn't matter whether you are elected or not. It's enough to be able to do such a thing."

Of all the compliments which he heard when the crowd swarmed onto the platform after the meeting was over this rang truest to him. The doctor and Lucy remained watching the scene until Frane made it possible to excuse himself and to walk home with them.

"All great men of action have been gamblers in a sense," the doctor observed. "They have not hesitated to put all to the hazard in a crisis."

"Oh, it did not occur to you that way, I am sure," said Lucy, looking questioningly at John, as if fearing that she was to have an ideal shattered. "It was right to tell them and you did. Therein lies your triumph."

"You understand," he said to Lucy, in the fervour of fellowship. He was in the afterglow of his effort, radiant, cheery, boyish. In his outburst of confidence he told her more of his aims than he had vouchsafed to any one for many years. Rapidly he talked and eloquently—more eloquently than on the platform—all the way up the hill, while she, listening, realized the intimate charm of his personality. When they reached the gate he stopped suddenly, as if he had been caught in an indiscretion.

There was a touch of exhaustion or sadness in his good-night and in hers. He was wishing that Geraldine could have been in her place. He would not have expected Geraldine

to understand his remarks in just the same way that Lucy did. To have her at his side would be enough. Lucy was thinking if it had only been Carniston who had been speaking with such a set purpose, so free of the trammels of yesterdays and so concerned with the to-morrows—if Carniston would only stake all on the hazard. She would not want or expect him to be as brilliant as this man was.

"I have witnessed to-night the theatrics of an American political meeting," Dr. von Kar wrote in his diary. "You have been the confidant of my many inconsistencies, little book. You have seen friendships grow and harden or melt away, and you have smiled at me, thinking that the day's exasperation which directed my pen would soon be forgotten. I have to confess to-night that I was wrong about Frane. He is a demagogue, but with the difference that he is a good demagogue. He is honest. He is free of heart, and not the least of his virtues is that he has a contempt for money."

Yet before he fell asleep, the doctor ran happily over the figures of his own fortune.

Exit an American Soldier.

From "Colonel of the Red Huzzars." (Lippincott.)

WHEN I entered the library, the King came forward and kissed me on both cheeks.

"My dear Armand," he said, "I am pleased beyond expression."

"Dehra has told you?" I asked.

He nodded. "But I felt sure of you—so sure, indeed, I have all these ready for you." He picked up a roll of parchments. "Here is your Patent as an Archduke of Valeria; here are the title deeds to your ancestral estates—they have been held as Crown lands since Hugo's time; here is your commission as Colonel of the Red Huzzars; and here (and this may please you most) is your commission as Lieutenant-General in my Army."

I took them mechanically. There, were the seals, the flowing ribbons, the heavy signature of the King. The sheets rustled and twisted in my fingers, curling back and forth like things alive. I saw them dimly as though through a haze; my senses were dulled with sudden wonder and emotion. And, yet, I had thought of it all many times since yesterday; Courtney had predicted for me some of these very honors; I, myself, had even anticipated them—indeed, they had been the powerful inducement for my decision. And, now, when I had them in my very hands, put there by the King himself, I was simply overpowered.

Presently I got my senses and, I trust, thanked His Majesty in proper words. But he would have none of it.

"They are yours by right of birth; you have simply come to your own," he said.

"But only by your gracious favor," I protested.

From "The Colonel of the Red Huzzars." Copyright, 1906, by J. B. Lippincott Co.

THEN, AS HE UNBENT, HIS EYES RESTED UPON ME FOR THE FIRST TIME.

"Then, do me a small return: wear the Huzzar uniform this evening. We are pretty much of a size and I think mine will fit you," he observed.

"It is very little you ask, Sire," I answered.

"Then my valet will squire you," and he rang for the servant.

And it was well he did; for I was not used to fancy uniforms, with their peculiar fastenings and adornments, and I might have spent the entire evening in solving them. But Adolph attired me with astonishing celerity, and then, swinging a cheval glass before me, he inquired:

"Are you satisfied, sir?"

"You are a wonderful valet, Adolph."

I was clad in scarlet and gold, with a black, fur-bound dohlman over one shoulder and a tall black busby on my head. I hung the Eagle of the Cincinnati about my neck and went back to the King.

"You'll do, my boy," he said. Then he raised the Eagle and examined it. "It is a great Order," he said; "one of the greatest in the world, but a Prince of Valeria must wear his country's also," and he pinned the Star of the Lion on my tunic.

At the door of the Princess's apartments he waved aside the footman and, himself, announced:

"His Royal Highness, the Grand Duke Armand!"

"I'll Lead You a Dance."

From Baroness von Hutten's "Pam Decides." (Dodd, M. & Co.)

"Give me your address and I'll let you go. Refuse, and I'll follow you."

"I will not give you my address," she retorted, now thoroughly angry, "and you are perfectly atrocious, as you always were, to torment me. You might at least try to remember that you are a gentleman."

But the days were not far behind him when Ratty had teased for a disinterested love of teasing, and he now followed her down the steps with a malicious grin under his big moustache.

"I've nothing on earth to do, to-day," as she turned to the right and hurried on through the rain, "so I can devote myself entirely to you. You *must* go home when night comes, I suppose!"

She did not answer, but hurried on at such a pace that she was at length obliged to pause to take breath. Then she turned.

"I ought to be vastly flattered by this—devotion," she began, her lips curling wickedly, "but you are such a cumbersome admirer, Ratty. Your methods are so—clumsy! Are you really going to pursue me all day?"

"Yes," he answered, his face changing to sullenness, "I am."

"Then, remembering your pleasant wooing ways of old, I am forced to the conclusion that you are once more going to honour me with an offer of your heart and hand. As usual, I—refuse."

"Better wait till you're asked, hadn't you?" he growled, turning up the collar of his light topcoat, as a raindrop trickled gladly down his heated spine. "I'm *not* going to ask you to marry me—I got over that nonsense long ago. But you're my cousin—"

"I am now," she interrupted, closing her umbrella, and pointing to the shop before which they stood, "going into this place for a glass of milk and a bun; my humble midday meal."

"Then I go too."

"Good. Prepare to be torn to bits, and to smile at the tearers."

They fought their way into the crowded, over-heated room, and after a prolonged struggle Pam succeeded in possessing herself of the desired refreshments and consumed them standing, her wet umbrella under her arm.

"You are my cousin," pursued Maxse, angrily, as some one stamped on his foot; "and I have a right—"

"I am not your cousin at all, in the Eyes of the Law—which, meaning as it does that I have no cousinly rights over you, also means that you have none over me."

Wiping from her sleeve a sudden libation of coffee poured on it by a red-faced priestess in a white apron, she was about to go on speaking when he interrupted her.

"You used to be so keen on my grandfather—can't you realize that he would want me to—to protect you from er—*this?*"

Pam set down her glass and, the heavier for about a pound of what she vulgarly called "fly-bun," paid for her dainty meal, and began insinuating her way towards the door. After all, Ratty was amusing in his very absurdity!

"Now, Ratty," she said, as they emerged triumphantly into the rain, "good-bye. I know you mean to be kind, and I really am—*h'm!*—grateful to you. Only, you know, I am a savage and you must not try to track savages in the bush."

"Tell me your address—I say, Pam, for the sake of the old days in the country, you know, when we were kids—"

His dogged obstinancy was too much for her scant patience.

"I'll *not* tell you, you horrid little—"

"Then I'll follow you."

"If you do," she cried, white with helpless anger, "I'll lead you such a dance that you'll wish you had never been born!"

"Lead away, you little devil," he growled. And she led.

Love-Making by Proxy.

From Morley Roberts's "The Idlers." (L. C. Page.)

"Look here, my dear, I'll be frank with you. I want you and my boy to make a match of it."

She coloured finely, but never dropped; her eyes met his, though they were a little troubled.

"I know that, Sir John."

"Damn, I hope you'll be calling me dad some day," he said.

"But—" she began.

"Don't know his own mind, my dear. I wish he was a bit uglier. Could you do with him if he was, Ciss?"

She could have done with him maimed and scarred, for it had been dear stupid, lovable old Jack with her since she could see. She smiled again for answer.

"You and I are as old as the hills," said Bexley. "Young girls are the ancientest things alive, and young boys of twenty or thereabouts, if they are healthy, are infants in arms. But they don't seem to be able to choose the arms, my dear. That's the trouble. These idle women in London are the very devil, and Jack's a fool, and, through me and his mother, he's as idle as they are. Now he's all fuss, foolishness, and highty-tighty. I daren't speak to him, or he'd fly off the handle. This Madam Jam and Biscuits seems to have him on a string. Or I fear so."

She feared so, too, but this put it plainer, and she paled a little.

"The—the wretch," she said, under her voice. She was still young enough to be hard and bitter on sinners.

"Look here, I know nothing," said the father, "and he's all I've got (except you, my dear, for I believe you love me), and I want you to watch with me and be patient. If I know anything (and you make me think I know a little), I think you've the faithfullest heart, and I'm sure you've got brains, and I believe you can see how hard it is for such as my Jack not to be a fool and be fooled."

He broke off, and she pressed his arm.

"If he is, you'll forgive him in time, Cissy? It's hard to know any one, but I'll say this—I believe he loves you without knowing it."

Well-Dressed Stowaways.

From Dwight Tilton's "The Golden Greyhound."
(Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co.)

After all, the most glorious thing about this wonderful pursuit was that its object was a free creature; if she was difficult to reach, so much the more fascinating a chase. He had beaten other coverts, but mainly to satisfy himself as to the ambitions of match-making mammas. The results had always been disappointing.

From reveries, reminiscent and in anticipation, Brill was aroused by the voice of Stebbins, who had found a newspaper thrown aside on one of the card-tables.

"Here's a picture of this boat," Aristides remarked, with the air of a man announcing some new scientific discovery.

"Indeed," replied Brill, absently. Then, with a sudden accession of interest: "By the way, what is her name? It's about time we found out what ship we're on."

"The *Olympiad,* sir."

"Ah, yes; I've been on her sister ship, the *Neriad.*"

"And," went on Stebbins, with great unction, "she's full of gold."

Brill took the proffered paper and glanced carelessly at the article, then smiled at his protégé's enthusiasm.

From "The Girl from Tim's Place." Copyright, 1906 by Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.

"FOR GOD'S SAKE GIVE ME SUTHIN' TO EAT."

"Oh, I see. Yes, twenty million is a tidy sum, the largest ever carried across. But she's not quite *full* of gold, Jay. See, here's a picture of the specie room, with its steel walls; it's not much bigger than a couple of staterooms. A million takes up precious little room for the fuss it makes."

"And it says, too," pursued the youth, after picking up the paper let fall by his master, "it says that they call her the 'Golden Greyhound.'"

Although the matter of these millions did not deeply impress Brill, the subject suggested another that did.

"Speaking of money," he began banteringly, "do you realize, Jay, that up to date we're neither more nor less than well-dressed stow-

aways? Don't know what a stowaway is? He's a chap, like you or me, who's stolen aboard ship without paying his passage. Of course, you don't know what they do with them."

Jay shook his head.

"Well, they'd like to throw them overboard, but the law forbids, so they put them to work down in the stoke-hole."

"Is that where the engines are?"

"Pretty near. I suppose you'd like that."

"I think I should." This was the nearest approach to enthusiasm Aristides had permitted himself, and Brill smiled as he tried to conceive his valet in front of a forced-draught furnace.

"How much money have we, Jay?" he asked. This was a not uncommon question, for Aristides was often made custodian of part of the Brill funds in hand.

"About five dollars in small bills and some change. That cabman—"

"Great Scott, man, and I haven't a dollar. We are stowaways in earnest. I haven't a watch, ring, or anything with me. This *is* a pickle. Wonder who the captain is?"

A Bachelor's Surprise Party.

From Sydney H. Preston's "On Common Ground." (*Holt.*)

WELL, it is over now, and nothing but a happy memory, so I suppose I must forgive Mrs. Biggles, but when I recall the facts I have no doubt she should be immediately dismissed. In the first place, she gave an afternoon tea in my house without my knowledge or consent, invited the guests (indirectly, of course, and by what strategy I know not!), and obliged me to act as host; worst of all she took it upon herself to arrange a musical programme for the occasion, and—well, I may chronicle that I sang the charming ditty of her choice. It is almost humiliating that one must act as the woman ordains, but apparently there is no help for it; she either anticipates fate, or I am under the spell of her roving eye. . . .

In the first place my general appearance of health and good spirits excited surprise, though Miss Humphrey, the elder, solicitously cautioned me against over-exertion, which is often dangerous where the heart is weakened by illness; and from this I infer she must have supposed my condition to be more picturesquely precarious than it is. Of course, this might be due to unconscious exaggeration on the part of my housekeeper, but surely she could have awakened enough sympathy without describing me as a lone orphan and the only child of my parents, without a near relative in the world. But I did not contradict this preconceived impression, for Miss Humphrey, who seems to have a passion for geneaiogy, purls on melodiously without a pause for breath or punctuation, and by the time one's presence of mind returns after the shock, it is too late to interrupt the even monologue that has left the subject in the misty past. I like Miss Humphrey; her voice is low and musical, and her conversation is entertaining; but it was a welcome break to me when the tray arrived, and I could ask her to pour the tea. It was during the delightful period of social ease that followed, that Mrs. Worthall glanced toward the piano, nodded and smiled at me and murmured: "A charming old song, Mr. Merrivale!—it is years since I heard it." And while my petrified gaze rested on the familiar pages, Miss Humphrey exclaimed: "'Ever of Thee!'—the dear old song!—Mr. Merrivale, you must sing it for us—you really must. Olivia, dear—you'll play the accompaniment?"

And when Olivia (with what tremours I write the name so familiarly!) said she would be delighted, what could one do?

Well, I sang it, and with a fervour and abandon which may have seemed the perfection of art to my hearers, but it was the voice of nature that spoke, and I forgot them all—all, save one—until the final prolonged note of the climax, and then my eyes suddenly caught a gleam of white reflected in the glass of the picture over the piano, and my voice wavered unexpectedly.

There, before me, unseen by my guests, stood a miniature Mrs. Biggles. She was peering through the partly open door of the kitchen opposite the piano, her jaw dropped, her eyes agog, one hand pressed to her bosom, and her face illumined by the most idiotic expression of rapt exaltation that ever mortal wore.

I have ventured to protest about several of these matters, but uselessly: she avers I told her I was an orphing, that I feared the liningment would affect my 'eart, and as for being guilty of sleight of hand in replacing "Ever of Thee" on the piano, "Ow-h, Mr. Merrywell!—" with an hysterical gasp of rapture, "if only *Biggles* had sung like that instead of blattin' on his old trombone!"

The Philanthropist and His Test.

From M. E. Francis's "Simple Annals." (*Longmans.*)

"You have been accustomed to write from dictation?"

"Oh, yes," Lucy said, she had often written from dictation at school.

She wrote very quickly, and everything went quite smoothly until, at the end of half an hour or so, Denzil inspected the result of her labours.

"My dear child!" he exclaimed involuntarily; and then came what seemed to Lucy a fearful pause. "How do you spell vicinity?" he went on.

"Aren't there two s's?" queried Lucy tremulously.

"And here, again, 'moreover,' 'advisable.' And what about the punctuation? You've run all the sentences into each other."

"You didn't tell me the stops," returned Lucy tearfully. "Miss Winterberry always gave out the stops."

"Well, it's no great matter, after all," said Denzil soothingly. "I dare say it was as

much my fault as yours. You see I am new to this business, too. I'll announce the stops in future, and when you come to any alarming big word you had better ask me how to spell it."

Miss Spencer trotted back meekly to her desk, and Denzil, walking up and down the room, recommenced his dictation. He was beginning to feel quite satisfied with this new mode of procedure, when a question from Lucy suddenly disconcerted him.

"How do you spell 'italicise'?" she inquired.

"Italicise?" he echoed, gazing at her blankly.

"Yes; you said 'Italicise this.'"

"But you don't mean to say you've been writing— Just let me see that note, Miss Spencer."

Up got Lucy, with a mystified face, but nevertheless with a certain air of conscious rectitude.

Denzil burst into a fit of laughter as she placed the document in his hands.

"You really must excuse me," he said, endeavouring to regain his gravity; "it is too comical. I never could have imagined—"

"But what is wrong?" gasped the girl.

"I'll explain. You see this sentence here? *'Do you consider this course advisable query.'* And here again: *'The "Times" of June 22 justly observes quotation marks.'* And now: *'The great crux italis'*—you hadn't got any farther, on account of the spelling difficulty."

He laughed again; and then, seeing that she was crimson with mortification, and apparently quite at sea as to the nature of her error, he became serious, and entered into a minute and painstaking explanation.

"Did you not yourself ask me to dictate the stops?" he said, in conclusion, noticing that she seemed more aggrieved than penitent.

"You do it quite differently to Miss Winterberry," she said. "Of course, if you gave them out like Miss Winterberry—"

"Well, I am willing to take an indirect lesson from Miss Winterberry," returned he, drawing the disputed note towards him and scribbling upon it. "What do you call that, for instance?"

"Miss Winterberry always said 'Question mark.'"

"And these?"

"Miss Winterberry never said anything but 'Inverted commas.'"

"I see; I was wrong in dubbing them 'Quotation marks.' And now, when I wish to emphasize a word—like this—how am I to let you know my meaning?"

"You must say 'Underline,'" announced Lucy, with a superior air.

"I'll bear it in mind. Well, I think we have worked enough for to-day; to-morrow, no doubt, everything will go well. Now you had better go home—take the 'bus; there is no need for you to tire yourself to death. I hope soon to hear of something that may suit you. Meanwhile, remember all the good advice that any one has ever given you. Be very prudent, don't make friends with strangers, don't go out after dark."

Lucy was very much offended at what she evidently considered superfluous counsel, and endeavoured to show it by the stateliness with which she said "Good-by."

The Deacon's Dilemma.

From Anne Warner's "Susan Clegg and Her Neighbors' Affairs." (Little, B. & Co.)

"But the Deacon said it didn't take him long to see 's stayin' single is a privilege 's no woman 's goin' to allow to a man whose wife's dead. He says the way he 's been chased 's all but killin'. He says there 's Mrs. Allen firin' Polly at him when he goes over there for his dinner, 'n' the minister tellin' him every Sunday 'n' prayer-meetin' how 'Liza Em'ly is shootin' up. He says he could easy keep house alone—he says he understands a house from moth-balls to quicklime—but they won't let him. He says he 's not only town property, but he 's town talk 's well. He says Mrs. Craig stopped him in the square 'n' asked him point-blank if he'd remembered to put on his flannels day before yesterday.

"I tell you, Mrs. Lathrop, it's plan 't that man has suffered. If you'd 'a' seen him, your heart would 'a' softened like mine did. 'N' him such a neat little bald-headed man without any wishin' o' anybody anythin'! I give him a lot o' sympathy. I told him 't I'd knowed what it was to have a lot o' folks seem bound to marry you in the teeth o' your own will. I told him the whole community was witness to how I was set upon after father's death 'n' well-nigh drove mad. He said he wished he had my grit 'n' maybe he'd make a try to fight like I did, but he said he was beat out. He said if he isn't up 'n' the smoke pourin' out o' his chimney at six sharp, all the single women in town is lined up in front to know what's happened. He says if he was married, it goes without sayin' 's they'd both be allowed to sleep in peace. He says if he lights a candle at night, he hears of it next day. He said if he gets a letter in a strange hand, it's all over town 's some strange woman 's made his acquaintance. He says the whole world feels free to dust his hat or w'isk his coat if he stops to chat a minute. He says, such bein' the case, he's made up his mind 't he's got to get married. He says he's considered very carefully. He says he knows jus' the kind o' woman. He says he's been fretted, 'n' he don't never want to be fretted no more."

Miss Clegg paused, as if the crisis had arrived. She surveyed her friend with a meaning eye, and Mrs. Lathrop rather shrunk together and endeavored to look courageous.

"Up to now 's been all preparin' your mind. Do you feel prepared? Are you ready?"

"Yes, I—" gasped the victim.

"Left to myself, I sh'd 'a' waited till mornin', but he wanted you to know to-night. He know's I'm your dearest friend. He said if I didn't tell you right off, it might get to you some other way 'n' be a' awful blow. He said he had to go to Meadville to-morrow, so he might mention it down-town to-night, 'n' 'most any one might let it drop in on you. I see the p'int o' his reasonin', 'n' so—"

"Susan," said the friend, her feelings completely overflowing all bounds—"oh, Susan, are you really a-goin' to marry—"

Susan's expression altered triumphantly.

"Why, Mrs. Lathrop," she said, with keen enjoyment, "it ain't me 's he wants to marry; it's you!"

Cherry Blossoms.

From Housman's "A Shropshire Lad." (Lane. "The Bodley Head.")

Loveliest of trees, the cherry now
Is hung with bloom along the bough,
And stands about the woodland ride
Wearing white for Eastertide.

Now, of my threescore years and ten
Twenty will not come again,
And take from seventy springs a score
It only leaves me fifty more.

And since to look at things in bloom
Fifty springs are little room,
About the woodlands I will go
To see the cherry hung with snow.

Enter Lord Salmon to the Household of Broke of Covenden.

From J. C. Snaith's "Broke of Covenden." (H. B. Turner.)

When this ponderous gentleman entered the room grunting in his progress, and bowing to left and to right in the fashion of majesty walking in the midst of the populace, Mrs. Broke gave him a hand of a quite peculiar grace. However, such a reception was a little discounted by the coldness of her husband's nod. Lady Bosket raised her glasses, lowered her eyelashes, and favored him with a stare of extraordinary resolution; while Lord Bosket, who by now was sinking rapidly into the condition which from time immemorial has been the source of our national humor, jerked his head in a salute in the fraternal fashion of the red-nosed comedian, sacred to the music-hall stage.

"How do, Bos," said Lord Salmon.

"How do, Fishy," said Lord Bosket, reciprocally waving his glass, "Chin, chin!"

The true inwardness, the real significance of this mystic utterance being denied to Lady Bosket, a shudder might have been seen to invest the form of the stately woman. However, as one who has had an awkward fall feels compelled, on being assisted to her feet, to utter some common-place for the reassurance of the lookers-on and the vindication of her shattered self, so Lady Bosket at this moment felt called upon to demonstrate that she was undaunted still, and that, although very much shaken, she was far from dead. She turned to the niece who had the fearful honor to sit beside her, and said in a voice not quite so loud as usual:

"I sometimes think if your Uncle Charles was not the head of one of the best families in England he would be the commonest man in the world."

In the meantime Mrs. Broke, with that almost cynical supineness she could display when she had a purpose to serve by it, had prevailed in unctuous accents on Lord Salmon to exchange his hat for a seat at the luncheon table.

"You must please forgive us, my dear Lord Salmon," she said with a solicitude that encroached upon flattery, "if we should seem a little peremptory. The fact is, Lady Bosket and myself are pledged to be at Cuttisham Town Hall at a quarter to three, to attend a meeting of the Temperance Society."

"I'm goin', too," said Lord Bosket. "Drink is the curshe of this country. We musht put it down."

Lord Bosket winked at nobody in particular with great solemnity, as a concession to this piece of humor, which, for some occult reason, had not met with the acclamation he felt it merited.

"Don't mention it, ma'am," said Lord Salmon. "Temperance—excellent work—like a checque?"

"My *dear* Lord Salmon," said Mrs. Broke, "indeed I can say of my own knowledge it is a very well administered and deserving charity. Really, my dear Lord Salmon, you really are—"

"Don't mention it, ma'am," said Lord Salmon. "Fix the figure."

"How does a hundred guineas strike you?" said Mrs. Broke, beaming upon the eminent financier.

"Make it two, ma'am, make it two; it's all the same to me. I spend fifty thousand a year on advertisement."

"Well, my dear Lord Salmon, if you positively insist upon it," said the gracious lady.

Without more ado Lord Salmon took a checque-book and a fountain-pen from the breast-pocket of his coat, and drew upon himself to the extent of two hundred and ten pounds in Mrs. Broke's favor. While this operation was being performed Broke and Lady Bosket gazed piteously at one another across the white expanse of tablecloth, somewhat after the fashion of two belated missionaries who, by stress of circumstances, are compelled to sit down among cannibals and take a little something to eat.

When Lord Salmon had written the checque he looked up to encounter the arctic glance of Lady Bosket. Her glasses stuck out perfectly rigid in front of her. She was engaged in staring at him, through him, above him, past him, and round about him generally—a remarkable feat she accomplished with the aid of a complete vacancy of expression which implied that he was not there at all. But your Titian of commerce, your brilliant and audacious business man, your millionaire with his patent of nobility already snug in his pocket, is not a person to be overcome by a look. There was not a hole in his armor. Checque-book in hand he did not flinch from anything. Checque-book in hand he was ready to meet a god, a devil, or even a woman.

Springtime à la Carte.

From O. Henry's "The Four Million." (McClure, Phillips.)

The most brilliant and crowning feat of Sarah's battle with the world was the deal she made with Schulenberg's Home Restaurant. The restaurant was next door to the old red brick in which she hall-roomed. One evening after dinner at Schulenberg's 40-cent, five-course *table d'hôte* (served as fast as you throw the five baseballs at the coloured gentleman's head) Sarah took away with her the bill of fare. It was written in an almost un-

readable script neither English nor German, and so arranged that if you were not careful you began with a toothpick and rice pudding and ended with soup and the day of the week.

The next day Sarah showed Schulenberg a neat card on which the menu was beautifully typewritten with the viands temptingly marshalled under their right and proper heads from "hors d'œuvre" to "not responsible for overcoats and umbrellas."

Schulenberg became a naturalized citizen on the spot. Before Sarah left him she had him willingly committed to an agreement. She was to furnish typewritten bills of fare for the twenty-one tables in the restaurant—a new bill for each day's dinner, and new ones for breakfast and lunch as often as changes occurred in the food or as neatness required.

In return for this Schulenberg was to send three meals per diem to Sarah's hall room by a waiter—an obsequious one if possible—and furnish her each afternoon with a pencil draft of what Fate had in store for Schulenberg's customers on the morrow.

Mutual satisfaction resulted from the agreement. Schulenberg's patrons now knew what the food they ate was called even if its nature sometimes puzzled them. And Sarah had food during a cold, dull winter, which was the main thing with her.

And then the almanac lied, and said that spring had come. Spring comes when it comes. The frozen snows of January still lay like adamant in the cross-town streets. The hand-organs still played "In the Good Old Summertime," with their December vivacity and expression. Men began to make thirty-day notes to buy Easter dresses. Janitors shut off steam. And when these things happen one may know that the city is still in the clutches of winter.

The Lean-to Camp.

From Charles S. Hanks's "Camp Kits and Camp Life." (Scribner.)

THE most quickly constructed shelter is made by leaning three seven-foot poles against a fallen tree, and then spreading your rubber blankets over the poles, but be sure the tree is flat on the ground or there will be a draught under it.

Another quickly constructed camp can be made by cutting down a small hemlock, about four feet above the ground, and, after trimming away five or six feet of the boughs, putting the end of the tree on the stump and banking up with the boughs cut off.

The most popular brush camp, however, with sportsmen as well as guides, is the lean-to, it being the only practical brush camp to have when there are more than three persons in the party. First drive two crotched sticks into the ground about eight feet apart for posts, and on these put a stout sapling. Against this lean some poles, about a foot apart, making them secure at the bottom by sticking them into the ground or by rolling a log against them. On this framework, and up and down the sides, lay hemlock or spruce boughs, which should be lapped so that they will shed the rain.

"Ye Want to Pick a Few Stars."

From "What Would One Have?" (J. H. West Co.)

"I did not die . . . slowly, by degrees
I woke, rose up . . . where was I? in the world;
For uses therefore I must count worth while."

DEAR old Jason Bumpus, with his jolly, good-natured spouse Olive, lived in a cabin up on the hillside. Five acres of stony soil, a cow, a pig, some chickens, and a mule, were the external means of sustenance for this old couple. And yet I have never seen but one other example of ideal conjugal bliss. The cases were unlike in nearly every particular, except that both lived the unconventional and simple life and that both were contented and happy.

Everybody laughed at and derided old Jason. The boys played pranks on him, for sport, and still his old eyes were always sparkling and his face was always smiling. His form was tall and angular, and his voice was a sharp falsetto, but he carried about somewhere under that old "slouch" hat and weather-beaten coat the secret for which most of us waste many years of energy.

I was sitting on the old porch settee, convalescing slowly from my illness. The doctor had said I might never be strong again;—what then would become of my glorious hope? Tears came to my eyes, but I brushed them away, and looked up to see old Jason, mule and all, approaching.

"Hello! little gal," he sang out, in his high, peepy voice. "How you gettin' along? Don't feel very chipper yet, I reckon,—guess I'll let Bill rest a minute while we visit," he said, coming up the plank walk and patting my head.

"You've had a pretty hard time, hain't ye? Look pale and kinder unhappy fer a gal as oughter be rosy and cherky. Wouldn't ye like to visit a little with an old man? Seems like sometimes it does a body good to talk things over with some one."

I had had so little of demonstrated affection in my fifteen years that the old man's tender concern won my confidence at once. I told him of my great hope and what the doctor had said.

"Well, well, it's just's I thought,—ye want to pick a few stars, don't ye? I tuck my turn at star-gazin' once. Animals, babies, and wild Injuns put a deal of stock in big glitterin' things. I guess if we could pick a star, 'twouldn't be, when we got it, what we thought it was. It'd be either too hot or too cold for us, or, mebbe 'twould be too big, and we'd be glad to let it go darn quick."

"But," I said timidly, "I don't want pretty dresses and things so much as I want to read the great books and see the great people of the world."

"Gol-darned if blood ain't thicker'n water! Well, little gal, I'm glad 'tain' nothin' worse'n books and folks ye're arter. Do ye see Bill out there? Well, when ye've seen Bill ye've seen about all there is to muledom. Bill's older and scragglier'n some on 'em, but he's a mule every inch of him, ears and all, and what's true of Bill is true of all other jackasses the world over."

"Say," he said, abruptly changing the sub-

ject, "git ye sun-bunnit and ride up to the top of the hill with me. I'll show ye somethin' worth goin' to see."

We were soon toiling over the muddy, rough road, my companion enthusiastically pointing to every evidence of Nature's spring awakening.

When we reached the highest part of the hill, he carelessly left old Bill standing while he lifted me over the rail-fence and led me to the top of a great rock. Here, eagerly, he pointed out, with boy-like pleasure, a small patch of white anemone, the first of the year.

Grand old man!

A Secret Forever.

From Wymond Carey's "No. 101." (Putnam.)

"André can restore you your name, your honour. He shall, he must," said De Nérac.

"It is impossible. You cannot change the King. He would not, could not, undo the past—his past. My brother is dead, my family will die with me as will my secret. Fate is too strong for you, for me, for France. With François I worked to destroy the woman who now rules at Versailles and will continue to rule. And André from love for you strove to defeat us. Madame de Pompadour has triumphed over the Court, the *noblesse,* the Church, my brother, and you.

"You cannot save your France and mine," the girl continued. "She is doomed, doomed. The writing is on the walls. Ruin is coming on kings and nobles and the people. In ten, twenty, perhaps fifty years there will be a new France, for the greatness of my people and yours no power can crush. Voices are crying out in the streets of Paris to-day, but France will not listen. She is drunk, mad, diseased, corrupt. Yet I know it, it has been revealed to me, that there is a glorious future for our country, and see to it that the sons of what to-day is called Beau Séjour shall be in the hour of that rebirth on the side of the new France."

She moved quietly to the door, opened it, and called softly, "Mademoiselle has decided. Come."

As André entered he gazed from one to the other with the calmness of a great fear. What had he come to be told? He saw Denise's mind was made up, and he knew he must obey.

"André," she said, with dignified composure, "you will please bring the chief of police from the court-yard to this room."

When he returned with the chief of police one woman, hooded and cloaked, alone was there.

Denise threw back the girl's cloak which she had slipped on. The police agent started with intense surprise.

"You recognize me, Monsieur," Denise said freezingly. "Yes, it is the Marquise de Beau Séjour, and one of the maids of honour to her Majesty, who is not accustomed to be shadowed when she visits a house that belongs to herself, as this does."

"I offer my apologies to Mademoiselle la Marquise," the man stammered, "but I thought—I felt sure—"

She turned her back on his fervent avowals and the man crept from her haughty presence. In five minutes the court-yard was clear of Madame de Pompadour's spies.

Denise had fetched the stranger back. "André," she said, "be so good as to conduct this lady yourself to the barriers. I will wait for you here."

The girl quietly put on her cloak. "Adieu, Mademoiselle!" They clasped hands in silence. "Adieu — Denise," she whispered. "Adieu for ever!" Without another word André and she left the room.

When he returned an hour later one glance at his face told Denise that, whatever had passed in the journey, he did not know the secret of "No. 101." That was still to remain in the keeping of two women who loved the same man, and it would go with those two to the grave a secret for ever.

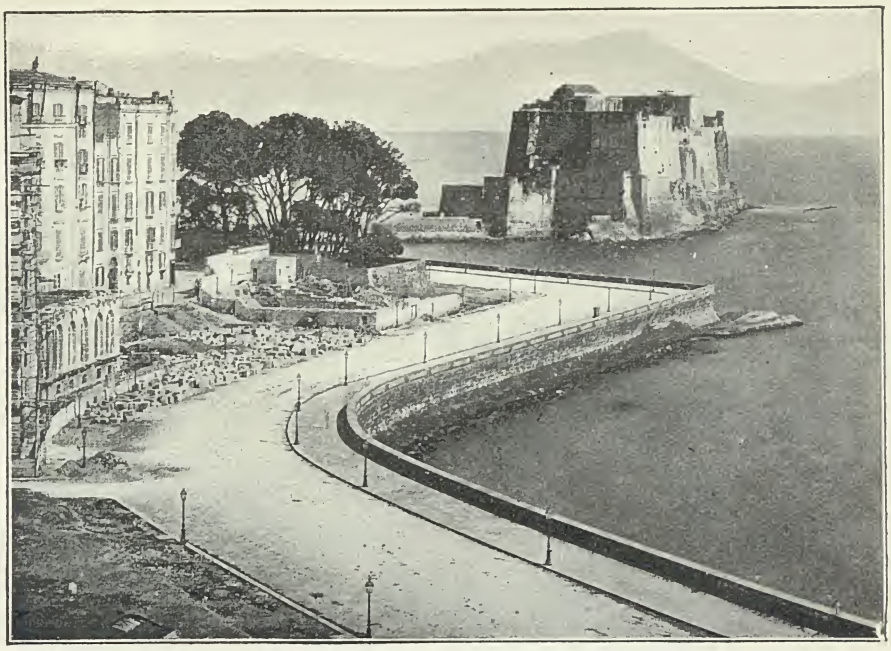
Master-Word of Men and Angels.

From C. Bryson Taylor's "Nicanor: Teller of Tales." (McClurg.)

Old oaks caught the sunlight in their reaching hands and dropped it down to earth in flakes of gold; beech and larch and linden reared their tall heads above the road, and vines clung to them in woven tapestries of living green. There opened from this road dim forest aisles, veiled in dusk in which sunbeams quivered, paths of mystery, winding toward strange twilight worlds where wild wood-creatures wandered. Warm earth-scents drenched the air; soft sibilant whisperings stirred overhead, and hidden birds chattered in the leafage.

Here Nicanor sat in the dusk and gold of the forest's afternoon, his back against a gray tree-trunk, his hands about his knees. Hither every day he wandered, drinking new life from Earth's brown bosom, with idle hands and weaving brain. Here, where he had lost his vision, he was drawn back as by enchantment. He wished to dream again; to conjure forth the flying figure from the void into which it had vanished. To him it was more real than reality; for want of the substance he strove to keep the shadow in his heart.

In the spirit he roamed world-wide, with the narrow life of Thorney, its petty din and traffic, fallen away from him and forgotten utterly. Always his wandering ended in a garden, whose every path of dusky green he knew by heart, where one waited for him in the still evening light. In the flesh he lived with Nicodemus and Myleia, letting himself be waited on, worried over, caressed, to their affectionate hearts' content. No mood of his was too wayward for their sympathy; when at nightfall, after long hours of brooding, he would chant strange tales by some crowded camp-fire, than theirs were no voices quicker in wonder and applause. That they understood not half of what he said mattered nothing to their fondness; yet to Nicanor it was this one thing which mattered all. Nor were they the only ones who listened and loved his words. Many a fretting soul he lulled to quiet by his magic; to many he gave pleasure whose pleasures were all too few. Once he had scorned them, these simple children of plain and forest, whose emotions he could mould



From "Naples and Its Environs." Copyright, 1906, by Dana Estes & Co.

THE CASTEL DELL' OVO.

as a potter moulds his clay; in his high pride he had thought that these were not the worlds he was born to conquer. Now he loved them; to bring a moment's brightness into some gray life, a moment's forgetfulness of pain to one who suffered—this it was his to do. For, as once he had thought to move the hearts of kings with his power, so now he knew that a king's heart is no more than man's heart, and only he may move the one who can move the other. And every heart that he won he laid in spirit at the feet of his lost lady, who had taught him the Master-word of the tongue of men and angels, without which faith and hope can profit nothing, nor can any heart be won.

Foreign Architects Built Naples.

From Clara E. Clements's "Naples and Its Environs." (Estes.)

FINE examples of mediæval, castellated, domestic architecture exist here and there in Neapolitan territory, as in the castles of Melfi, Catanzaro, Lucera, and many other places; and much of intense interest to the antiquarian may be learned of Neapolitan architecture from the tenth to the fifteenth century. But in the city of Naples little remains of purely mediæval construction; here and there fragments of it are seen, but so changed and modified that the merest traces of its aspect survive, and we can no better imagine how the entire edifices appeared, than we can say what was the bearing of the living woman who was the model for the Venus whose torso alone remains in the Museo Borbonico.

The public edifices of modern times have been more essentially and frequently changed in Naples than in any other Italian city. The reasons for this are not far to seek. Earthquakes have made it necessary to level and rebuild, and the succession of opposing dynasties has left the churches and edifices of a previous monarch to the courtesy of the succeeding one. The Norman, Hohenstauffen, Angevine, Aragonese, and Spaniard has, each in turn, desired to leave his characteristic impress on the architecture of the city and territory of Naples. Thus, for example, has the magnificent Gothic of the Angevine been debased by the tasteless ornamentation of a later period, and radical changes made in the earlier edifices which nature and man have permitted to survive the ages.

It is also true that the architects of the finest early edifices were not Neapolitans. From the building of the Castel dell' Ovo, designed by the Venetian Buono for William I. in 1154, to the beginning of the seventeenth century, the facts we have—with few exceptions—are connected with architects who were often Italians, but not Neapolitans. Masuccio I. is far too mythical to be treated seriously, and Masuccio II. cannot be proved to be the author of much that is attributed to him, while some of the works called his are known to have been executed by other artists. In fact, the Masuccii are not mentioned in reliable documents of their time; and their fame rests on the vaguest traditions and the boldest assertions, alike lacking in proof. Andrea Ciccione is frequently named as a Neapolitan architect and sculptor in the annals of the fifteenth century. His remaining work stamps him as of mediocre talent, and a poor imitator of the defects, rather than the virtues of his predecessors. In fact, should one pass all Neapolitan architects in review, it must finally be said that the good work done in the Neapolitan peninsula was by artists not native to its soil.

Carolina Teaches Christian Science.

From Lilian Bell's "Carolina Lee." (Page.)

"WHAT makes you so quiet?" asked Moultrie, breaking in on her thought.

Carolina looked at him abruptly and decided her course of action.

"You have told me of the skeleton in your closet. Let me be equally frank and tell you of mine. I am a Christian Scientist."

"A what?"

"A Christian Scientist!"

"I never heard of one," said the young man, simply. "What is it?"

"It is a new form of religion founded on a perfect belief in the life of Christ and a literal following of His commandments to His disciples, regardless of time," said Carolina, slowly.

"I think I should like that," he said. "Does it answer all your questions?"

"All! Every one of them!" she answered, with the almost too eager manner of the young believer in Christian Science.

"I was raised a Baptist," he said, reluctantly, "but I reckon I never was a very good one, for I never got any peace from it."

"My religion gives peace."

"And my prayers were never answered."

"My religion answers prayers."

"Not even when I lifted my heart to God in earnest pleading to spare my brother the unhappiness I felt sure would follow his marriage."

"My religion holds the answer to that unanswered prayer."

"Not even when I prayed, lying on the floor all night, for the life of my father."

"My religion heals the sick."

"Do you believe so implicitly in Christ's teachings that you can reproduce His miracles?" he cried.

"Christ never performed any miracles. He healed sickness through the simplest belief in the world—or rather an understanding of His Father's power. That same privilege of understanding is open to me—and to you. You have the power within you at this very moment to heal any disease, if you only know where to look for the understanding to show you how to use it."

"Do you believe that?"

"I do better than believe it. I understand it. I know it."

"Is there a book which will tell me how to find it?"

"Yes."

"Will you order it for me, or tell me where to order it?"

"It is a very expensive book," said Carolina, hesitatingly, thinking of the telegraph-office.

"How expensive?"

"Three dollars."

"Do you call that expensive for what you promise it will do? You only said that to try me."

And she nodded. Her heart was too full of mingled emotions for her to speak. She had loved, despised, been proud of, and mortified for this man—all with poignant, punged vehemence—during this three-hour ride, and at the last he had humbled and rebuked her by his childlike readiness to believe the greatest truth of the ages.

"Give me just one fact to go on," he begged.

"Do you read your Bible?"

"I used to, till I found I was getting not to believe in it. Then I stopped for my dead father's sake. He believed in it implicitly."

He did not glance her way again, which Carolina noticed with gratitude. It showed that he was not accepting it for her sake.

"Did you yourself ever heal any one?"

"Through my understanding of Divine Love, I healed Gladys Yancey," she said, quietly.

When they rode in at the gates of Whitehall, Moultrie was astonished at the radiance of the girl's countenance. She seemed transfigured by love. Moultrie's ready belief had glorified her.

A Trout-Stream Indeed!

From Charles Frederic Holder's "Life in the Open." (Putnam.)

THE pools in Deep Creek, in the San Bernardino mountains, are of great beauty and size, often chiselled out of the rocky and literal basins of stone, flanked by stupendous masses of rock, down which the clear waters splash and foam, pouring from one great pool into another on their way down the stupendous slope of the range. Such is the lower Big Pool. The upper Big Pool, Deep Creek, is even more remarkable, if possible, for its water-worn rocks, the clearness of the water, and its melody where it falls in a level sheet; then striking a sloping ledge it bounds down into the pool, a mass of molten silver, carrying life and aeration into an ideal pool in the heart of the forest where the angler does not cast in vain.

This fine mountain stream well illustrates the possibilities of mountain climbing and trout fishing, abounding in long reaches of forest, tumbling down great distances in short periods, at once one of the hardest streams to climb, and one of the most beautiful and satisfactory to the lover of mountain life.

Deep Creek is an eastern fork and possibly the largest branch of the Mojave River, and can be traced into a desert second only to Sahara in its terrors of heat in midsummer; hence, one of the most remarkable trout streams in the world for its contrasts. If any one should point out this dry river-bed in the desert as a trout stream, he would be laughed at, as it is a mere streak of water-polished stones overwhelmed by sand-dumes for miles over the desert, what water there is being far below the surface or entirely gone; but if traced up to the foot of the San Bernardino range, that rises ten thousand feet above the desert, it soon appears and for miles climbs the Sierras as one of the most attractive trout streams in California, abounding in huge pools, and scenery of the wildest description, where the elements appear to have had full sway and have vented their fury upon rock, forest, and range.

Westminster Abbey.

From Mrs. Wilfrid Ward's "Out of Due Time." (Longmans.)

BUT it was very different to be at home in the Abbey as I was, to remember the days as a half-frightened child I used to peer among the tombs and puzzle out strange eighteenth-century epitaphs—proud-sounding adjectives with their odd ring, as if lecturing the Almighty on the excellence of His creatures.

Marcelle had not like me shivered as a child at the gruesome stony death, emerging from the tomb with his spear to thrust it into the beautiful young woman above! She had not felt the thrill of fear, inspired in an English Catholic child by the waxwork bust of the persecuting Queen Elizabeth. Nor did she know how a girl of fifteen, with a dawning knowledge of literature, and sensible of having mastered all the intricacies of eighteenth-century politics in Macaulay's essays, can gaze with breathless admiration at the monument to Chatham, and almost hear Pitt in dying accents bid her roll up the map of Europe; and then leaving the south transept go to see Fox tended by slaves in the most hideous of all the hideous sculptures, with an awe-struck sense of his magnificent wickedness?

Marcelle would have cleared away all the marble enormities, the odd death's heads, the pagan grandiloquent inscriptions, and all the upright half-dressed great men who had they died before the Reformation would have been kneeling or lying in peace. I could not argue it with her, I had not the patience, but I would not have had a stone touched or an absurdity erased even to bring out the glory of the great Gothic lines of the building. Its very defacements, its worst blemishes told the story of the country loved by Englishmen so passionately, and by none more passionately than by the children of the proscribed and persecuted Papist. We do not only love Burke, who risked and lost the greatest places in the State by pleading for us, we love George III. who most honestly refused to emancipate us. We understand the rulers who could not understand us. We went to fight and to die for a country that banned us and we only loved her the more! We were in a glow of joy in which all other things were reflected. For we were safe and we were happy Paul was not revolting, Paul was not a stumbling-block, Paul had of his own free will done the loyal, the simple, the true thing. Paul was going to Rome! And we had sought the Abbey to enjoy this new thought there. Is there not a peculiar joy in finding out that you have wronged a friend? You have been to blame, not he, and you are very, very glad. You are angry with yourself for your meanness. How or why could I have doubted Paul? Had I not misinterpreted his article, had I not wronged him in that, and in his attitude towards his Bishop? It was all clear now, it was all in order, the doing of a true son of the Church. "An appeal to Rome!" It seemed to ring out high above our heads in the Abbey that had been under the immediate jurisdiction of the Pontiff, for no Bishop then, or indeed now, had, or has the right to jurisdiction over the Abbot or Dean of Westminster.

The Fire-Spitting Ocean Steamer.

From John C. Van Dyke's "The Opal Sea." (Scribner.)

IN common with all steam devices the steamship has come in for a fair share of denunciation; but as a machine, as a resistless force, is there not something here to stir the pulses? As she sweeps down the harbor and out over the bar, flags streaming, black smoke trailing, wide wake rolling, what could be finer! She sits low down aft, she rises up clean and keen forward, her cutwater is as eager as a headsman's axe, her smoke stacks have a slant astern as though ready for any wind or wave. What a sense of power is there! What can stop the passage of that dark conqueror! And she moves with no apparent effort. The source of power is not disclosed to the eye. Nor can the ear detect the beat of engines. The steel mass seems to be driven by a force as invisible as resistless.

The tremendous power in the engines carries her through wind and storm, through wave and spray. Nothing halts or holds her for more than a moment. As the waters come rushing at her there is an easy bend and sway to the long body; she rises and falls, rolls quietly with a broadside, pitches sharply with a head sea; but there is no pause, no stop.

The mechanism and the method become almost human in their stubborn perseverance when the vessel is steaming in storm against fierce head winds. There is the deep plunge of the bow in the waves, the alternate lift of the stern out of water, the swift racing of the exposed screws for a few moments; and then the settling down again to a steady thump-thump, thump-thump, thump-thump! The waves may board her and break davits, bridges, and stanchions, she may pitch and roll till cabin and hold are a series of crashes and smashes, but those indomitable engines keep up their pulsations. You lie awake in the middle of the night clinging to your berth, hearing the whip-like swish of the spray flying by the port hole, listening to the roar of the wind in the rigging, feeling the vessel pitch and stagger under you, and perhaps wondering if rivets and plates of steel can long hold out against such wrenching; but still beneath you, skipping no beat, is the welcome thump-thump, thump-thump, thump-thump of the engines. She was designed to defy the winds and fight the elements and she does it—with some groanings from strained partition, beam, and girder it may be, but still she does it.

The Abdication of Man.

From "The Secret Life." (Lane.)

IN the thirteenth century the Crusades had so drained Europe of its able-bodied men that the women were forced to apply themselves to the abandoned trades and neglected professions. They shortly became so intoxicated by the sense of their own competency and power that when the weary wearers of the cross returned from the East they were at first delighted to discover that their affairs were prospering almost as well as ever, and then amazed and disgusted to find the women reluctant to yield up to their natural rulers

these usurped privileges. Stern measures were necessary to oust them. Female treason never dared unrebuked to lift its horrid head until within the present generation.

The emancipated new woman has various methods of accounting for the humbling of this hoary sovereignty. By some it is supposed that in this Age of Interrogation man's supremacy, along with all other institutions, has been called upon to produce an adequate reason for being, and producing no answer that seems satisfactory, he has been summarily forced to abandon pretensions which rested merely upon use and wont. The more noisy declare that she has turned the rays of a cynical democracy upon the mystery encompassing his kingship and refuses to be awed by what she sees there; that it is because of this she begins to usurp his privileges, thrust herself into his professions, shoulder him even from the altar, and brazenly seating herself on the throne beside him she lifts the circlet from his brows to try if it be not a fit for her own head.

The weakness of all such explanations is that they do not take into account the fact that woman is not by nature democratic. Whatever political principles the occasional or exceptional woman may profess, the average woman is in all her predilections intensely aristocratic;—is by nature loyal, idealistic, an idolator and a hero worshipper. Strong as the spirit of democracy may be, it could not by itself alone in one generation change the nature of woman. The explanation must lie elsewhere.

In the language of a now famous arraignment—*"J'accuse"* man himself.

No ruler is ever really dethroned by his subjects. No hand but his own ever takes the crown from his head. No agency but his can wash the chrism from his brow. It is his own abdication that drives him from power—abdication of his duties, his obligations, his opportunities. Ceasing to rule, he ceases to reign. When he ceases to lead he wants for followers, and the revolt which casts him from power is only the outward manifestation of his previous abdication of the inward and spiritual grace of kingship. When man ceased to govern, woman was not long in throwing off the sham of subjection that remained.

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DUNSTER.

From "The Incomplete Amorist."

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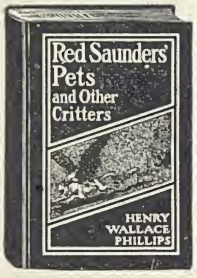

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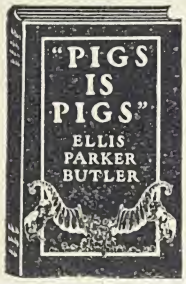

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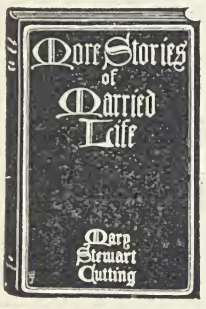

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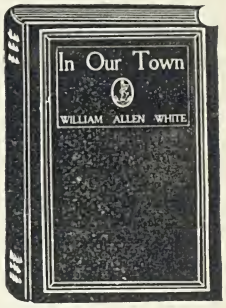

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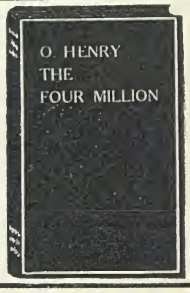

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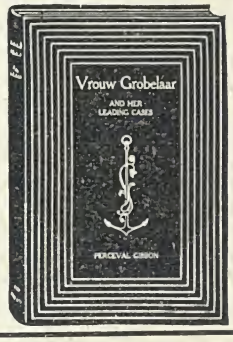

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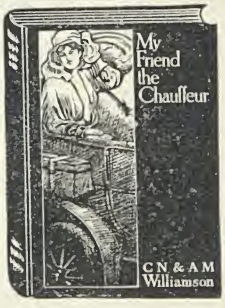

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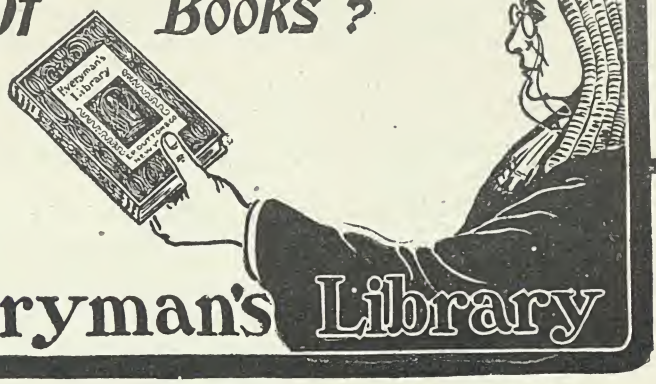

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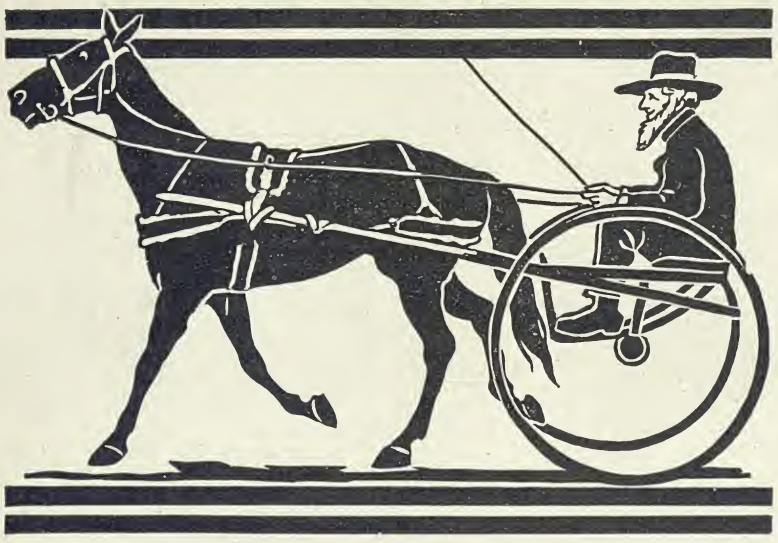

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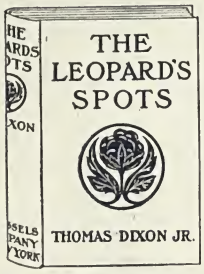

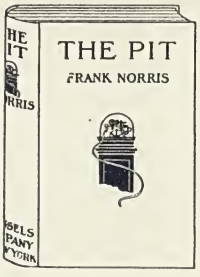

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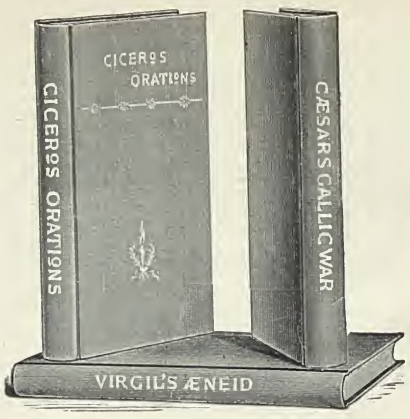

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Underwoods, Stevenson, 2d hand copy.
Edinburgh, Stevenson, 2d hand copy.

Amer. Bap. Pub. Soc., 37 S. Pryor St., Atlanta, Ga.

Introduction to Infinite Series, by Osgood.
Translation of the Talmud Tracts, by Rodkinson, second-hand ed.
Explanation of the Pontifical and Those Employed, O'Leary. Pub. by Brown, Dublin, Ireland.

Amer. Bapt. Pub. Soc., 279 Elm St., Dallas, Tex.

Argument of the Book of Job Unfolded. Formerly pub. by McVey.

American News Co., 39 Chambers St., N. Y.

2 All Among the Lighthouses, M. Crowninshield. L. L. & S.

Ammon & Mackel, Successors to Leggat Bros., 81 Chambers St., N. Y.

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Jacobs, B. K., Wonder Voyages.
Newell, Shadow Show.
Steele and Adams, Beauty of Form.
Burgess, Political Science and Constitutional Law.
Bancroft, Hist. Formation of Constitution.
Voorhees, Forty Years of Oratory
Bulletin 138 U. S. Geol. Survey.
Davis, Theory of Thought.
Walker, Money.

The Anderson Auction Co., 5 W. 29th St., N. Y.

Darby O'Gill and the Good People.

The Antlers Book Shop, 317 Royal St., New Orleans, La.

Life and Death on the Ocean.
Sue, Martin the Foundling.
Wildenbruch, Francesca da Rimini. L. & L.
Ridpath's History, 9 vols., hf. leath.

Jos. Baer & Co., 6 Hochstr., Frankfort a-M., Germany.

Scientific American, New Series, vols. 80 to 91.
Scientific American, Supplement, vols. 47 to 58.
Jewish Cyclopedia, complete.
Science, complete set up to 1904.

Baptist Book Concern, 642 4th Ave., Louisville, Ky.

Englishman's Greek Concordance.

C. H. Barr, Lancaster, Pa.

Encyclopedia Britannica, vol. 11, cl., 8th ed. Little, Brown & Co.

C. E. Barthell, Ann Arbor, Mich.

Volumes of the Green Bag.
Martin's Civil Procedure.
Hammond's Blackstone, Pony series.
Clark, On Corporations.
Am. and Eng. Ency. of Law, 1st ed.
Ency. of Evidence, 7 vols.

G. Blatchford, Pittsfield, Mass.

There is No Death.
Miriam of Magdala, by Mullaney.
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Some Chinese Ghosts, Hearn.

Bloomingdale Bros., 3d Ave. and 59th St., N. Y.

Warwick Ppr. G. W. Dillingham & Co.

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Beadle, Life in Utah.
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Haweis, Ideals for Girls.
Jones, Biblical Encyclopedia.
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Furman, Stories of a Sanctified Town.
Stilwell Genealogy—Early Memoirs of the Stilwell Family.
Maupassant, The Death Watch.

The Bobbs-Merrill Co., 34 Union Sq., N. Y.

Schoolcraft's Indians. Pub. by Lippincott.

Book Exchange, Toledo, O.

Mermaid, Philip Massinger, plain cl. Describe.
Mermaid, Arden of Feversham, plain cl. Describe.
Baudelaire, Poems in Prose, trans. by Symons.
Musical Courier, no. 934.
The Nation, nos. 357, 430.

The Book Shop, 325 W. 4th St., Cincinnati, O.

Races of Man, Reschel.
Century, Dec., 1884.

The Book Shop, 65 Spring St., Rochester, N. Y. [*Cash.*]

Mark Twain, Lotus Leaves, 1874; A True Story, etc., 1877; Library of Wit and Humor. 1888.

Bonnell, Silver & Co., 48 W. 22d St., N. Y.

Franklin Square Cong Coll., no. 2.
Mistress Barbara, Sutcliffe.
Story of an Old Farm, Mellick.
Henry and Bessie, Prentiss.

The Boston Book Co., 83 Francis St., Back Bay, Boston, Mass.

Amer. Jour. Politics, Nov., 1893.
Arena, March, Aug., Oct., '90; Sept., Oct., '98; April, May, Oct., Dec., '99; Feb., June, July, 1900; Jan., Sept., '01; Feb., March, '03; Feb., '04.
Bankers' Mag., N. Y., May, June, '74; Sept., Nov., '75; Aug., '89. $1 each, if at once.
Contemporary Review, Jan., 1870.
Current Encyclopedia, Sept., 1901. 50 c.
Overland Monthly, Feb., March, July, '83; Jan., '84; April, '85; May, '90; May, '98.
Southern Quar. Rev., Jan., '42; Nov., '50; Jan., '53; April, '55, to Feb., '57.
Southern Rev., Jan., '74; July '76; July, Oct., '77; 1878-'79, all.

BOOKS WANTED.—Continued.

The Boston Book Co.—*Continued.*

Technical World, March, May, June, Aug., Sept., '94.
United Service, July, '82; Aug., Sept., '84; Feb., '90; Feb., '94; Sept., Nov., 1905.
Unitarian Rev., June, '79; Aug., '89.
Virginia Mag., Jan., Oct., '98; July, 1900.
Western, The, St. Louis, Oct., '77.
Yale Rev., Aug., '93; Aug., '98.

Brentano's, Union Sq., N. Y.

Leonard's Wrestling.
Savage's Genealogical Dictionary.
Ristori's Libretto of Elizabeth.
Grant Allen's Color Sense.
Hector McLean's Tales of the Highlands.
Jones' Tempters.
Fitch's Toast of the Town, 1st eds.
Fitch's Her Own Way, 1st eds.
Fitch's Stubbornness of Geraldine, 1st eds.
Spry's Cruise of the *Challenger*.
Bolton's Westchester County.
Bolton's History of New York.
Thompson's Milly.
Symond's Walt Whitman.
Huxley's Controverted Questions.
Renan's Life of St. Paul.
Smith's History of Dutchess Co.
Smith's History of Rhinebeck, N. Y.

Brentano's, 1228 F St., N. W., Washington, D. C.

Collins' Ira Beebe and Walter Wooster.
Borton's A While With the Blue.
Ewing's Northern Rebellion.
Fitch's Echoes of Civil War.
Ford's With Rank and File.
Smith's Hist. of 22d U. S. Inf.
Stevens' Reminiscences of Civil War.
Story's Elastic Strength of Guns.
Transactions of Intern. Elect. Congress, 1904.

Brooklyn Institute Museum Library, Eastern Parkway, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Frank H. Cushing's Zuni Folk Tales.
Popular Science Monthly, Jan., 1905.

The Brown, Eager & Hull Co., 411 Summit St., Toledo, O.

Chick and I, by Ben Hur. Pub. in Chicago, 1896.

The Burrows Bros Co., 631 Euclid Ave., Cleveland, O.

Stoddard's Lectures, complete set.
Campbell's Writings of DeWitt Clinton.
Matthew Bunn's Narrative.
Baldwin's Flush Times in Alabama.
Prime's China Hunter's Club.

J. H. W. Cadby, Utica, N. Y.

Encyclopedia Britannica, vols. 22, 23, 24, 25, Scribner's ed.

Campion & Co., 1305 Walnut St., Phila., Pa.

Shorthouse, Sir Percival.
Mrs. Charles, The Bertram Family.
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Caroline Duer's Poems.
Harland, The Cardinal's Snuffbox, 1st ed.
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Whitney's Agriculture, ed. by Whitney Brothers.
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Cass & O'Malley, 62 Cortlandt St., N. Y.

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Ward, The Ancient Lowly.
White's Cyclo. of Amer. Biog., odd vols.
Chemistry Scranton Schools.
Thompson's Long Island, vol. 1.

T. H. Castor & Co., 14 City Hall Ave., Boston.

Gay, John, Fables. Louisville, Ky., 1869.
Waldstein, Essays on the Art of Pheidias.

Zala A. Church, Jefferson, Iowa.

Brodix's American and English Patent Cases, vols. 3, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12 and 13.
Any issue or binding of Lord's Beacon Lights of History, vols. Middle Ages, Modern European Statesmen, American Statesmen, Nineteenth Century Writers.

J. Cikot, Bookseller, The Hague (Holland).

King, 24 Years in Argentina.
Johnson, Minnie Myrtle, The Iroquois, or, Bright Side of Indian Character.
Jones, Historical Sketch of Tomachichi.
Jones, Stockbridge.
Ker, Travels Western Interior United States.
Kinzie, Waubun.
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Kip, Army Life Pacific.
Long, Exped. to St. Peter River and Lake Winnipeg, by Keating.
Long and Taylor, Visit Tribes of Indians West Mississippi.
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Lee, Three Years Comanches.
McCoy, History Baptist Indian Missions.
McDaniel, Early Days California.
Morrell, Four Voyages South Sea.

The H. B. Claflin Co., Worth St. and W. Broadway, N. Y.

Stoddard's Lectures, half morocco, either 12 or 13 vols.

The A. H. Clark Co., Caxton Bldg., Cleveland, O.

Young, Hist. of Chautauqua County, N. Y.
Cassier's Mag., nos. 1-4, 6, 8, 11, 12, 25, 28 and Feb., 1902.
Foote, Sketches of Va., 2 vols.
God of Heroes, or Book of Fables.
Marshall, Hist. of Ky.
Texas, any books relating to.

W. B. Clarke Co., 26 Tremont St., Boston, Mass.

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The Cyclades, I. T. Bent.

Geo. H. Colby & Co., 22 Main St., Lancaster, N. H.

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For Whose Sake, by Southworth.
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Collectors Exchange, 434 N. Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

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Bing's Artistic Japan, complete or parts, except vols. 2 and 6.
The House of Death and the Idiot, by Dostoievsky.

Conneaut Public Library, Conneaut, O.

Haskell, The Indian Question, Young Kongkaput, etc.
Garnett and Goss, English Literature, odd vols.
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Beddard, Animal Coloration.
Poulton, Color of Animals.

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Genealogy of Batcheller Family.
The Tyranny of Mormonism, Stenhouse. Pub. by Sampson Low.
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Life of Rev. James Quin. Published by the Methodist Book Concern, New York or Cincinnati.

Everitt & Francis Co., 9 E. 22d St., N. Y.

Elizabeth Farnesi, by Armstrong. London, 1892.
Madame Pompadour, Noel Williams. Scribner.
Revolution in Greece, George Finlay. Edinburgh.

A. F. Farnell & Son, 46 Court St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

A Rebel War Clerk's Diary, by J. B. Jones, 2 vols.
Life of Marion.
Life of Ethan Allen, by himself.
Diary of a Japanese Convert, by Kanzo Uchimura.

H. W. Fisher & Co., 127 S. 15th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Le Bon, G., Psychology of Peoples. Macmillan.
Silberrad, Lady of Dreams. Doubleday.
Wallace, Studies Scientific and Social. Macmillan.
Little Schoolmistress, by C. L. Hayes.
Jo's Place. G. W. Jacobs & Co.
Studies in Mediæval Life and Literature. Putnam.
Epic and Romance, by Ker. Macmillan.
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Readings on Inferno, Vernon. Macmillan.
Poems of D. A. Wasson. Lee & Shepard.
Pinchback Goddess. Appleton.
Lonely Lives, by Hauptmann.
Gauntlet, by Bjornson.

The Franklin Book Shop (S. N. Rhoads), 1105 Walnut St., Phila., Pa.

Books on fur and fur-bearing animals.
Pickett's History of Alabama, Ga., Miss.
Bigelow, Amer. Med. Botany, vol. 1, in parts.
Schoolcraft's Indian Tribes, odd vols.
Elliott, Botany of So. Car., vol. 2, parts or plates.
Men and Women Magazine, April, 1906.

Free Public Library, Newark, N. J.

Goodrich's Sixth Reader.

Funk & Wagnalls Co., 23d St. and 4th Ave., N. Y.

Studies in Church History, by H. C. Lea.
Baedeker's Guide Book to Palestine and Syria.
The Philosophy of the Unconscious, by Edw. Von Hoffman.
Yale Lectures for 1893, Rev. Verbum Dei.

J. Gardner, 18 Broughton St., E., Savannah, Ga.

Convention Reports Episcopal Church of Georgia, 1823-33, inclusive.
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M. J. Geary, 44 E. Market St., Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

Life of Dickens, by Forster, vol. 3, 1873.
Molly Maguires, anything on.

J. F. Gepfert, 138 Superior St., Cleveland, O.

White Slave, Hildreth.
Brother of the Third Degree.
Davis, Great Harmonia, vols. 2, 3, 4.
Wallace, Year Books, vols. 11, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19.
Burt's Materia Medica.

The J. K. Gill Co., Portland, Ore.

Part 3 Twentieth Century New Testament.

Ginn & Co., 70 5th Ave., N. Y.

Set Washburn, On Real Property, a late ed. in good order.

The Goldsmith Book and Stationery Co., 122 E. Douglas Ave., Wichita, Kan.

History of U. S. Flag, by Rear Admiral Geo. H. Preble, revised edition of 1893, list $5. H. & M. Co. edition.

J. H. Goldstein, 105 Main St., W., Rochester, N. Y.

Scandinavian Edda.
Goodridge, British Eloquence.

Gregory's Bookstore, 116 Union St., Providence, R.I.

Davies, Practical Mathematics.
Dibrê, Aboth ha-Olam; or, Sayings of Jewish Fathers.

Isaac Hammond, Charleston, S. C.

Life of Jefferson Davis, by his wife.
Ornamental Design, L. F. Day.
Any travels, biographies, histories, etc., relating to or published in South Carolina.
Roderick Random, ed. by G. Saintsbury, vol. 2.

F. F. Hansell & Bro., 714 Canal St., New Orleans, La.

Augustin, George, Romances of New Orleans. 1891.
Bisland, Elizabeth, Flying Trip Around the World. Harper & Bros.
Barker, Jacob, Incidents in the Life of. New Orleans, 1855.
Bartlett, Napier, Military Record of Louisiana. 1875.
Cable, Geo. W., Busy Man's Bible.
Davis, M. E. M., In War Times at La Rose Blanc. Lothrop.
Townsend, M. A., Xariffa's Poems.

Hays, Cushman Co., 195 State St., Chicago, Ill.

Hull House Maps and Plans, Jane Addams.
Stoddard's Lectures, set or odd vols.

T. F. Hennessy, 15 Cornhill, Boston. [*Cash.*]

Boxiana, by Pierce Egan.

J. A. Hill & Co., 44 E. 23d St., N. Y.

Democracy and Monarchy, by Charles K. Adams. Holt. Good condition only.
In the Heart of the Hills, by Sherwin Cody. New, fresh copy preferred.
History of Chinese Porcelain, Morehouse.

H. R. Huntting, P. O. Box 826, Springfield, Mass.

Bancroft's Historical Works, Hubert Howe, vols. 17, 24, 31.
Horse Shoe Robinson, by J. P. Kennedy, original ed.
Ruskin's Works, Brantwood edition, 22 vols.
Colonial Records of New Haven, 1636-1649.
Ridpath's History of the World, vol. 2, Mankind series, hf. red leath.
Gen. Abner Doubleday's Gettysburg Made Plain. Century Co., 1888.

Illinois Book Exchange, 407 Lakeside Building, Chicago, Ill.

Papyrus Ebers, 1st edition, printed about 1875, 2 vols.

Indiana University Library, Bloomington, Ind.

Journal of the Cincinnati Society of Natural History, vol. 2, no. 3, and vol. 3, no. 2.

Hall N. Jackson, 36 W. 6th St., Cincinnati, O.

New Hope; or, the Rescue. 1858.
Jevons' Financial Investigations.

U. P. James, 127 W. 7th St., Cincinnati, O.

Holcombe, Mystery of New Orleans.

Jennings & Graham, 220 W. 4th St., Cincinnati, O.

McFarlane's American Geological Railway Guide.
Sabbath Hymn and Tune Book, containing account of controversies concerning introduction of uninspired hymns.

E. T. Jett Book and News Co., 806 Olive St., St. Louis, Mo.

Iron Age, Aug. 18, 1904.
Physiology of Mind, Maudsley, Henry. Macmillan, 1876.
Pathology of Mind, 2d ed., Maudsley, Henry. Macmillan, 1895.

E. W. Johnson, 2 E. 42d St., N. Y.

Story on the Constitution, 2 vols.
Kunz's Precious Stones of North America, last ed.
Thirty Years From Home, Leach.
Hist. of Scarabae. Petrie, 1889.
The Obelisk and Freemasonry. Weissie, 1880.

The Edward P. Judd Co., New Haven, Conn. [*Cash.*]

Poems of Sappho, Wharton. McClurg.

King's Old Book Store, 307 Octavia St., San Francisco, Cal.

Life of Joaquin Murietta.
Narrative of Ed. McGowan.
Pacific Coast, anything.
Pomeroy's Municipal Law.
Dwinelle's Colonial History of S. F.
Please send catalogues.

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Synonyms, Smith.
Blackstone, Chase.
Hume's England, vol. 1 only. Harper.
Americanized Brit., leather, last 4 vols.
Trilby.
Persons, Places and Things. Lippincott.
Parsons, Contracts, 3 vols.
Washburn, Real Property, 3 vols.

Charles E. Lauriat Co., 385 Washington St., Boston.

King's White Hills.
Sweetser's White Mountains.
Mediæval Life and Literature, by McLaughlin.
Greek World Under Roman Sway, by Mahaffy.
Two Suffolk Friends, Francis Hindes Groome. Blackwood & Sons, Edinburgh, 1895.
Agoonack, a Child of the Nations.
Phra the Phœnician, by Edward Arnold.
Famous Homes of Great Britain, Royal 8vo, red cloth, gilt.
Home Life With Herbert Spencer.
Two Women or One, by H. Harland.
Grove's Dictionary of Music and Musicians, 4 vols., and index. Mac.
Literary Pamphlets, by Ernest Rhys, 2 vols. London, 1897.
The Cyclades. J. Theodore Bent. Longmans.
Leaf in the Current, Jane Wade.

Paul Lemperly, Cleveland, Ohio.

Ford's Handbook for Travellers in Spain, any ed.

Orlando C. Lewis & Co., 6 Wall St., N. Y.

Poor's Manuals, 1868 to 1880.
Com. and Financial Chronicle, 1865 to 1880.
American Railroad Journal, vols. 25, 43, 44.
Audubon's Birds and Quadrupeds.

Little, Brown & Co., 254 Washington St., Boston

Nostrom, Chronic Headache, etc.
Ziegenspeck, Massage Treatment Diseases of Women.
Helen of Troy, N. Y.
Balfour, Philosophic Doubt.

Loring, Short & Harmon, 474 Congress St., Portland, Me.

Prescott's Philip II., vol. 3, 5th ed. Phillips, Sampson & Co.

Loveman, Joseph & Loeb, Birmingham, Ala.

The Gospel in Pagan Religion, by an orthodox Presbyterian. Pub. by the Arena Publishing Co.

W. H. Lowdermilk & Co., Washington, D. C.

Bickham, Universal Penman.
Zosimus, History.
Jennings, Phallicism, with illustrations.
Shakespeare, Elsinore ed., 11 vols. Bost., 1904.
Willis, Outdoor at Idlewild.
Beecher Trial, Abbott's ed.
Cassier's Engineering Magazine, vol. 1.
Chronology, an Introduction to Universal History. N. Y., 1833.
Ingersoll, War of 1812, 2d series, vol 1.
Schoolcraft, Indian Tribes, vols. 3 and 6.

McClure, Phillips & Co., 44 E. 23d St., N. Y.

Darby O'Gill and the Good People, Hermanic Templeton.

Macmillan & Bowes, 1 Trinity St., Cambridge, Eng.

Reports of U. S. Dept. of Agriculture, 1902.
Statistical Abstract of U. S. 1900.
Heraclitus, Fragments on Nature. Patrick.

John Jos. McVey, 1229 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Council and Supervisors of the Manual Arts. 1902.
Mark Twain's Land of the White Elephant. Osgood.
Sydney Lee, Cellotype Facsimile of Shakespeare, 1623 folio.

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Up and Down the Irriwaddy.
Hawk's Hist. of N. C., vol. 2.
Belknap, Hist. of N. H., vols. 2 and 3. Phila., 1784.

Isaac Mendoza, 17 Ann St., N. Y.

Minerals of Peru, by Raimonde.
Set Jesuit Relations, complete.
Mach, Lectures on Science.
Butler's Great Lone Land.
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Harris' Twilight Songs.

Methodist Book and Publishing House, Wesley Buildings, Toronto, Can.

Batrachia of North America, by Cope, bulletin no. 34, of the United States National Museum.

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American Gold, compiled by J. C. Mersereau. Register of the Gold Exchange. Published annually, 1863 to 1879.

Moroney's, 404 Central Ave., Cincinnati, O.

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N. F. Morrison, 314 W. Jersey St., Elizabeth, N. J.

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N. Y. Medical Book Co., 45 E. 42d St., N. Y.

Gamgee, Physiol. Chemistry, 2 vols.
Bureau of Chemistry, Bulletin no. 13, parts 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 and 8.
New England Journal of Medicine and Surgery, vols. 9, 12, 14, 16.
Dana, Mineralogy, 5th ed.
Wormley, Micro-Chemistry of Poisons.
Amer. Journal of Science, 1st series, vol. 11-16; 3d series, vol. 20-22.

W. W. Nisbet, 12 S. Broadway, St. Louis.

Miss Leslie's New Cook Book.
Other People's Children, 1st ed.

The Old Corner Book Store, 27 Bromfield St., Boston, Mass.

Age of Fable, Tilton ed. Pub. about 1863.
Oil and Wine, by George Tyrrell.

Packer & Co., 1113 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Gibbs' Documentary History of the American Revolution, 1776-1781.
Genealogy Rittenhouse Family, vol. 2.
Schoolcraft Algic Researches, vol. 2, Indian Tales and Legends, 1839.
Indians, any book or pamphlet before 1865.
Teeth or Dentistry, books or pamphlets on.
Magic, books on.
American Magazine, 1757-1758. Phila.
American Pioneer, 2 vols. Cincinnati, 1844.

C. C. Parker, 246 So. Broadway, Los Angeles, Cal.

Road of a Thousand Wonders. S. P. Co.
Behind the Scenes, Elizabeth Keckley. Carleton, 1868.
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Robinson's Life in California.
Memoirs of Bishop Wilmer, of Alabama.

C. S. Pratt, 161 6th Ave., N. Y. [*Cash.*]

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Presbyterian Board of Pub., 1319 Walnut St., Phila., Pa.

Grounds of Theistic and Christian Belief, Fisher, 1902 ed.

Presb. Bd. of Pub. and S. S. Work, 1516 Locust St., St. Louis, Mo.

A Short Method with Dipping Anti-Pedo Baptism, by Rev. Thomas Gallaher.

Public Library, Cincinnati, O.

Fulton, Coke: Treatise on Manufacture of Coke. International Text-Book Co., Scranton, Pa.
Amer. Digest, Century ed. West Pub. Co., St. Paul.

Public Library, Washington, D. C.

Clarke, The Opal (verse).
Du Bois, Love Affairs of Famous Men and Women.
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G P. Putnam's Sons, 27 W. 23d St., N. Y.

Williams, Narrative of Events in France.
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Rohde & Haskins Co., 16 Cortlandt St., N. Y.

Marsh's Thesaurus.
Manual of Statistics. 1905.
Life in Mexico During a Residence of Two Years, with preface by Prescott. 1843.
Life and Times of S. S. Prentice, by J. D. Shields. Lippincott.

J. Francis Ruggles, Bronson, Mich.

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The St. Louis News Co., 1008 Locust St., St. Louis, Mo.

Morley's English Writers, vol. 11, 2 copies. Cassell.

Charles Scribner's Sons, 153 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

Cynics Calendar, 1st issue. Paul Elder & Co.
Helen Hunt Jackson's Story of Boone. Little, Brown & Co.
King, White Hills. Estes.
Butterworth, In Old New England. Appleton.
Baker, Monopolies and the People. Putnam, 1899.

I. D. Seabrook, Box 589, Charleston, S. C.

Letters of Eliza Wilkinson, ed. by Mrs. Gilman.
Logan's Hist. of Upper So. Ca., vol. 1. 1859.
Shecut's Essays. Charleston, about 1818.

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Bessie in the City; Bessie in the Mountain, by Johanna Matthews, R. Carter & Bros., about 40 years ago, or later ed.
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John D. Walker, 103 S. Pearl St., Albany, N. Y.

Hughes, American Ancestry, vols. 7 to 12.
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John Wanamaker, Philadelphia.

Blades' Enemies of Books, large-pap. ed. McClurg.

Geo. E. Warner, Minneapolis, Minn.

Bigney, T. O., Colorado, Tales and Legends.
Neill's History of Minnesota, 5th ed.
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Edgar A. Werner, 35 Chestnut St., Albany, N. Y.

N. Y. Historical Society Collections, 1891.
Brodhead, History of N. Y.
Peck, History of Wyoming.
Peck Family Genealogy.
Gavin, The Great Red Dragon.

Whitney & Grimwood, Colorado Springs, Colo.

Works of Thomas Gray, by Gosse, 4 vols. Pub. by The Macmillan Co.

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Johnstone's Campaign Around New York.

The H. W. Wilson Co., Minneapolis, Minn.

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Shaw, History of Essex and Hudson Counties, N. J., 2 vols., hf. leath. Phila., 1884.
Foster, New Jersey in the Rebellion. Newark, 1868.
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